

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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LADY HOUSTON'S TELEGRAM TO MUSSOLINI

Il Duce Mussolini. Rome.

English patriots present their homage to Mussolini the greatest patriot in the World—for his aim for Italy is to build up and achieve—while the British politician's aim is to drag down and destroy the British Empire. English patriots hope Mussolini will stand fast and damn the League of Nations—which only exists to enable Russian Bolshevism to destroy civilisation.

LUCY HOUSTON.

S.Y. LIBERTY.

In reply, Lady Houston has received the following dispatch:—

Consolato Generale
d'Italia.

Dear Madam,

I am desired to convey to you the thanks of His Excellency the Head of the Italian Government for the kind sentiments of homage and admiration expressed to him in your telegram.

Yours faithfully (Sd.) RAINALDI.

Royal Italian Consul General.

Londra,
68, Portland Place, W.1.
26th August, 1935.

RED PLOTS at the LEAGUE

Moscow Peril to Peace

Agents at Work in Geneva

GENEVA, Friday Night.

DISINTEGRATING forces, voiced yesterday by M. Litvinoff, the Soviet Foreign Commissar, are working night and day here to secure the condemnation of Italy, regardless of the fact that war in Europe may be the outcome of their efforts.

Moscow certainly does not fear such a war, for she believes that it is by a European conflict that she will be able to spread her doctrine. This is the reason for the tremendous campaign of propaganda against Italy which is being waged by all the Socialist and Communist forces of Europe at the dictation of the Third International.

Enormous pressure is being brought to bear, particularly on France, and also on the smaller members of the Council, by Socialists and Communists to secure the voting of sanctions against Italy.

Merciless War

The so-called "Common Front" in France, which is directed from Moscow, is waging a merciless war against the French Premier, M. Laval, because he is known to be firmly opposed to any such suicidal policy.

The real danger to world peace at present is not Italy, but the Comintern of Moscow, and such organisations as the Joint International Socialist and Workers' Commission and the International Trade Union Federation, which are now holding session in Geneva.

Representatives of these bodies to-day condemned the attitude of Italy, and demanded that the League of Nations should apply sanctions. The British delegate at this self-appointed body of irresponsible advisers to the League is Mr. George Hicks, while France is represented by M. Leon Jouhaux, the trade union leader who recently suggested a general strike in France to protest against the economy decrees.

Threats

It was in this atmosphere of threats of civil disturbances in the great countries of Europe, should their statesmen refuse to follow the dangerous policy of antagonising Italy for the sake of a savage African country, that the Council again met this afternoon to consider the situation.

During the day there had been the usual private conversations and negotiations. The idea of appointing a commission of three, as suggested yesterday, was abandoned to-day following the notification by the Powers concerned (Poland, Turkey, and Spain) that their Governments had found it impossible to see their way to accept such an onerous task without the assistance of the two Great Powers of the League.

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

"Spot the Liar"—£5 Winner

The writer of the following letter—the first opened—receives the prize of £5 offered for the correct answer to the question "Who is the Liar—the Government, the Billposters, or the *Saturday Review*?" which was offered in our issue dated August 17:

*The Editor,
The Saturday Review.*

Who is the liar? Certainly *not* Lady Houston. Nor is it likely that the Poster-Printing Company would wish to lose work by not carrying out an order. There remains only the Prime Minister. Here, however, comes in the difficulty. There is so much dirty intrigue and wire-pulling in our (Inter) National (Mis) Government that it is by no means easy to pin down the liar.

Mr. Baldwin works hand in glove with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a Communist, who in his turn, acts for England's enemies both at home and abroad. Naturally, these people *don't* want a *real* Conservative leader, as their mischievous plans could not be carried out.

Also, it should not be forgotten that the Propaganda Campaign on behalf of the "National" Government is entrusted to a Liberal.

As Mr. Baldwin allows himself to be used by these anti-Conservatives, he is morally the culprit.

Yours truly,
(Miss) A. H. BAMFORD.

226, Castellian Mansions, W.9.

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Counter Attraction

Hundreds of delegates to the League of Nations Assembly and their retinues gathered at Geneva yesterday. On previous occasions this gathering

has been watched by a goodly crowd of Genevese. Yesterday, however, the Assembly lacked its usual quota of local onlookers. Was the League losing its popularity? Delegates scoffed at the idea. Why, then, were the galleries half empty?

Hasty inquiries elicited a prompt if somewhat apologetic explanation. A circus had come to town and Geneva had gone elsewhere to see the big parade. Who will blame it? Who would not prefer wild animals to tame speeches? A circus is a brave business with its elephants sagaciously alert for buns, its bored but splendid equestriennes, its gilded equipages and (faintly recalling Abyssinia) its "Blood-sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ." What has a League Assembly to show against these? Why it has not even got a band. No wonder the galleries were half empty. Perhaps the League will take the lesson to heart and get a band. A strain or two of "Way down in Italy they sing so prettily" might do more than Mussolini can to justify his ways to the Parliament of Man.

Morning Post.

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Germany and Italy

Anything which is thought to portend a new understanding between Germany and Italy is of the utmost importance at this critical period in European affairs. Much significance is attached to the reception by Herr Hitler of the newly appointed Italian Ambassador to Berlin on Sunday.

The presentation of diplomatic credentials took place three weeks before the date originally arranged, and the verbal exchanges were of the most cordial nature. Yesterday the Italian Ambassador travelled to Nuremberg for the Nazi Party

Congress. His presence there may be an indication of a change in relations between the two countries.

That these two possess much in common was emphasised in the speeches, which stressed the advantages of co-operation. Both have similar ideals of government; they are two of the most powerfully armed States in the world; they both need new territories to absorb their surplus populations; and each has seen its legitimate aspirations subjected to the meddling procrastination of the League of Nations.

These strong "Have-not" nations may be driven by their impatience with the feeble and mistaken policy of the "Have" nations to develop their interests together.

It is a position which should provide food for careful thought. Both Germany and Italy have a healthy contempt for the League. Germany is outside it with the United States and Japan. Italy is being consistently irritated by the League. With these Great Powers either definitely antagonistic or lukewarm to the League, it is mad folly for Britain to allow her foreign policy to be dominated by this discredited and dangerous institution.

* *

Canadian Common Sense

We should get out of Geneva and rearm in earnest, busying ourselves only with our own interests. Such a common-sense move would be popular with the Dominions. Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Prime Minister of Canada, referring to the present international situation, has said in plain terms that Canada will refuse to be embroiled in any dispute where Canadian interests are not involved.

The British people have no desire to go looking for trouble in any and every part of the world. Our interests lie in peace, in the preservation of the Empire, and in the continuance of that prosperity which has already been won by means of unexampled steadiness and self-denial through the years of depression. It is impossible to reconcile these objects with membership of the League of Nations.

Our defences have been reduced below the danger point while we have been pursuing that will-o'-the-wisp "collective security," which means interfering in other people's quarrels and fighting their battles when trouble comes. This process of progressive defencelessness and increasing liability will continue so long as we allow our foreign policy to be dictated by international busybodies.

It must not continue. A disarmed British Empire is a contradiction in terms, for without armed strength there can be no British Empire. In the League of Nations there is no future for this country but defenceless impotence. The policy which is stripping us of arms will also rob us of man-power, for our young men will not join the

forces if they think they are to be sent to war on behalf of other countries.

The first actions in a real British policy must be to get out of the League and rearm at once. Unless we do so our influence will fade, and the glory of the British name will be a tale that is told.

Daily Mail.



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Baldwin's Message of War

The Geneva stage must be constructed on the most up to date revolving lines so quickly does one scene succeed another. What do these scenes mean? In most cases nothing. Mussolini wants time and the other delegates, terrified of the day when they will have to make up their minds and declare a policy, are only too anxious to give him plenty.

Now, when Mussolini had made a concession which everyone knew was not a retreat, Sir Samuel Hoare arrives in an aeroplane with a special and truculent message from Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. Baldwin has reiterated his "full support for League action." Meanwhile Mr. Lansbury, older and, in this case, wiser, is thinking of resigning his position as leader of the opposition.

* *

The Next Labour Leader

Mr. Lansbury has so many principles that whatever he might do would offend one of them. He, therefore, considers his only hope of salvation is to do nothing at all. Who would have thought that we would one day find ourselves in agreement



with Mr. Lansbury? The reason, of course, is that Mr. Lansbury is in disagreement with the Labour Party, who wish to take military action against Italy. In these circumstances the Party may have to elect a new leader. We suggest that they invite Mr. Baldwin to fill the position.

The Duce's Attitude

Meanwhile Mussolini has promised not to go to war with Abyssinia while the Committee of Five is seeking a peaceful issue, unless Abyssinia commits an unprovoked attack. Mussolini will keep his promise.

It is an astute move designed to prevent the League from applying article 15 of the Covenant and to keep the dispute out of the hands of the Assembly where there is a predominance of fire eating small States. It is a move, moreover, which will commend itself to those few realists who still wish to preserve the League. They are perfectly well aware that if Article 15 were ever invoked it would mean the collapse of the whole crazy structure.

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What Italy Wants

The truth is that the League of Nations is a dishonest assembly where delegates make dry speeches with their tongues in their cheeks. Their object is not to settle great problems, but to keep their jobs. Mussolini's object is to do his best for his country.

What is best for Italy can only be gained by complete control over Abyssinia, which has failed to keep any of the pledges she gave Italy when she was admitted into the League of Nations.



Italy supported the entry of Abyssinia into the League on the clear understanding that she would put her internal affairs in order and make it possible for Europeans to trade there in safety and in order that the Ethiopian Government should have the means of policing its territory she actually supplied it with arms and ammunition which, incidentally, have never been paid for. Italy, recognising that the country could not be civilised in a moment, was very patient and for years put up with incidents and annoyances which few nations would have tolerated.

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Broken Pledges

The original agreement was made with the Regent Ras Tafari. Recently, however, it has become abundantly clear that the present Emperor Hailé Sellassié has no intention of carrying out his obligations. He has abolished neither slavery nor barbarous punishments involving torture, mutilation, and other atrocities. Since the aboli-

tion of all these was a condition of Abyssinia's entry into the League, Italy argues with great force that she should now be expelled.

It is clearly folly to meddle in other people's affairs when one has no arms to enforce one's demands. To adopt a hostile attitude to a friendly nation and old ally, when that nation is, moreover, in the right, is a criminal act. Because we have chosen to allow ourselves to be flouted by Ethiopia and have permitted the Emperor's wild subjects to raid our borders with impunity and to carry British subjects into slavery is no reason why we should pursue a war-like policy against a country which is only displaying that firmness which we should have displayed ourselves.

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Carefully Concealed

In connection with this it is not universally known that at the time of Ethiopia's entry into the League of Nations England was involved in a serious dispute with her over the waters of Lake Tsana, the source of the Blue Nile. As usual Ethiopia made promises; but these have never been fulfilled, a fact which the National Government has been careful to hush up in order that it may pursue its policy at Geneva without arousing a fresh outburst of anger from British patriots.

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Soviet Propaganda

Every day fresh evidence comes to light of the extensive propaganda which the Soviet Government, contrary to its promises, is disseminating among British workers. Now a correspondent to the *Morning Post* has described a conversation she had with a bus conductor during the recent strike.

This man was convinced that Russia was a heaven for the workers, a country where there was no unemployment, no overwork, and no scarcity of food and where everyone had "a square deal." Attempts to enlighten him on the true state of



affairs in that unhappy country proved a waste of breath. He had obtained his information first hand from those who had been in Russia.

This correspondent in her letter asked pertinently who are these lecturers who have been in Russia and who talk in this way to our transport workers.

The Real Russia

In contrast to rosy propaganda pictures is an article published in the *New York Journal*, by Mrs. Mary Smith who has been an avowed communist since 1919. As such, her impressions of Russia were not likely to be influenced by prejudice against the system.

Describing a visit to the Workers' Sanatorium at Theodosia, a much-vaunted resort in the Crimea, she states that the menu consisted entirely of black porridge and rotten herrings. The house itself, magnificent from the outside, was full of dirt and germs and the majority of the inmates were not workers at all, but the wives of Soviet officials, "painted up creatures" who had never done a day's work in their lives.

In spite of the fact that during her stay at the Sanatorium Mrs. Smith spent 400 dollars on extra food, she derived no benefit. On the contrary she caught a fresh disease there, of which she had to be cured later in Moscow.



Numbers of people in the district were starving; which is hardly surprising in view of the fact that bread cost 50 roubles a kilo. At the station of Nozovaya Mrs. Smith saw a woman with three little children hanging to her skirts. In her arms was a fourth baby, dead. The child had died of starvation and the mother implored Mrs. Smith to save the other three.

Nevertheless, when a party of Greek sailors visited Theodosia the price of bread was immediately marked down to 3 kopeks a kilo and the shops, which had been practically empty, were filled with goods. But the shops were all shut. This gives us a pretty shrewd idea of how "comrades" in the transport services who visit Russia to obtain first hand information are duped.

Mrs. Smith, who was frequently asked whether it was true that the American farmers were all starving, has, apparently, had enough of Communism; for she now exhorts her readers not to put any faith in Stalin's propagandists and describes communists as people who are not to be believed and are "the real enemies of the working classes, of social justice, and of the equality of women." So now we know.

Uncivilised Peasants

In truth the Soviet Government is much more concerned with upsetting the social order in other countries than with building a Utopia out of their own. With that reckless indifference to human suffering which characterises the Slav they can face the fact that whole districts are starving with complete equanimity.

A point which is insufficiently realised that the peasants in many parts of Russia are little more civilised than the Abyssinians. In the colder districts they never took their clothes off either to sleep or to wash during the whole of the winter and there is little reason to believe they have recently altered their mode of living. At the beginning of the Great War a Regiment of Cossacks calmly retired from the field of action when they saw shrapnel bursting for the first time, declaring that, although they considered themselves as brave as anyone, they could not fight devils from the heavens.

We do not know whether our communists would care to revert to this state: but it has always seemed to us a sound scheme to endeavour to secure them some territory where Russian conditions can be tried out and leave them there to create a new Utopia for themselves.

* *

Insidious Methods

Unfortunately there are always some people who will grab at anything that promises something for nothing, from Communism to a fraudulent betting system. The Soviet Government is well aware of this and is no stickler as to its methods.

The latest order from the Comintern is that Communist allies outside Russia are no longer to preach Communism openly. On the contrary "they must re-assure anyone liable to become an ally and, with the support of these dupes, revolution will become an easy matter."

The order is doubly interesting, as it contains the admission that the connection of the Soviet Government with the Third International is "Unquestionable."

In France this new development is regarded with grave misgivings; but France is at the moment in a somewhat difficult position, having been driven by the unarmed state of England and our tactlessness in handling the naval agreement with Germany to seek a defensive alliance with the Bolsheviks.

This Mr. Baldwin seems to have accepted with equanimity. But we cannot view the alienation of our old ally, who sees in England only a broken reed and has been forced to ally herself with the enemies of civilisation, without serious perturbation.

That Trick-Word "Sanctions"

By Kim

MR. BALDWIN, fresh from the waters of Aix-les-Bains, returns to London and immediately congratulates Mr. Eden on his efforts at Geneva to seek every hole and corner subterfuge to scare Mussolini from his expressed intention to teach the Abyssinians a lesson they badly need. Such is Mr. Baldwin's gesture and gilt-edged securities show further weakness as a consequence. Mussolini, for his part, reviews his troops embarking for Africa, rouses them by a short but strongly patriotic speech, and meantime his fleet are practising manœuvres with an eye on closing up the Straits of Gibraltar if our blood-thirsty pacifists, led apparently by Mr. Baldwin himself, attempt to invoke their "Sanctions."

Much has been written on these "Sanctions" contained in the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the application of Clause 16. It is fully recognised that unless all the members of the League are united in their application, it is not incumbent on individual members to attempt to apply them. There is not unanimity in this instance and it is very certain that France, the only other member of the League in a position to offer armed resistance to Italy—for Russia may be dismissed from the case altogether as merely an *agent provocateur*—will certainly not quarrel with Mussolini. Therefore the British Government, if they possess any sense of perspective, would wisely resign themselves to the inevitable and keep their fingers out of the fire. But not they. Egged on by their heterogeneous collection of bellicose pacifists, they are gradually edging themselves into a position from which they can recede only at the loss of every vestige of prestige.

THE MAD GAMBLE

Why is this? The only explanation that can be offered is that Mr. Baldwin, like his predecessor, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, has conducted a foreign policy which will shortly be apparent even to the *hoi polloi* as having failed in every particular. He has left us a nation disarmed. Our Air Force, Army and Navy are totally incapable of giving us effective security at home, let alone fighting a war with a first-class Power. He has terribly misled the nation respecting its Air Force and even now no sufficiently adequate steps have been taken to strengthen our position, as Mr. Boyd Cable proved in his article last week in *The Saturday Review*. Our Navy can no longer guarantee to protect food supplies and in case of war our oil, on which we depend for fuel, could not reach us to meet our requirements. In a word, Mr. Baldwin has staked the safety of the realm on the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the false principle of "collective security." Now he sees all these falling away into mere shadowy dreams.

That this was the case was apparent when Japan occupied Manchuria, and before many moons are

past, if the League has not been buried for good and all, Germany will, from all the tendencies, be taking the law into her own hands. Obstinate, Baldwin attempts to pump life into a corpse. Yet it would be simple to resign himself to the inevitable, admit that Britain's whole-hearted sacrifices to build up an organisation for permanent world-peace have failed, and steel himself to a new effort to build up such armaments, with a great national loan, as would enable us again to hold the balance of power for peace amid a world of warring elements.

Such, unhappily, is not Mr. Baldwin's mentality. He has shown us too many proofs of his Little Englander temperament in recent years in a variety of ways. Number him irrevocably among the sheep or the goats, whichever include the Pacifists, and he is to be found in their company. It is a strange company, forsooth. The T.U.C., with its Mr. Kean and its Sir Walter Citrine, erstwhile pacifists, who accused our disarmament Government of being war-mongers, are among it, and would have us go to war with Mussolini, "a thing we have to face," to compel these "Sanctions," not really out of sympathy for the Lion of Judah, but because they would like to have a knock at the genius of Fascism. But they would not fight themselves.

PACIFIST ARCHBISHOPS

Then there are the Archbishops, their Graces of Canterbury and York, aided by certain other Bishops, who are literally howling for bloodshed in the name of Peace. His Grace of Canterbury, Dr. Lang, has for long played a disgraceful pacifist rôle, pacifism meaning Little Englandism, a sneaking sympathy with all our enemies at home and abroad. Dr. Temple of York is no better. With a chicanery discreditable to himself he attempts to urge us into a war by arguing that war by the League of Nations is not war in the "proper sense of the word," but rather as a baton-charge of police against a mob.

The Archbishops are undermining the authority of the Church with these Socialistic tactics, and it is right to recall the fact that had we possessed genuine patriotic Prime Ministers, whose whole-hearted desire was the greatness of England, my Lords of Canterbury and York, with their pernicious and really dangerous principles would never have held their sees.

They are supported, of course, by certain leaders of the Nonconformists who would be ready also to ask others—not themselves—to fight for the Covenant of the League "with all the obligations attached to it," as says Dr. Berry of the Congregational Union. Mr. Lloyd George, who is militarist and pacifist by turns but nothing long, is another to throw himself into the fray, an aged man who apparently would see us plunge into bloodshed in

circumstances which would lead to absolute shambles of our youth who would be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice, not for the defence of their country against a brutal aggressor, but solely to maintain the word "sanctions" because Italy does not come to heel at the behest of the League of Nations. So the toll of crass stupidity goes on.

Conservative members of Parliament hasten to join the throng of bellicose pacifists. The League of Nations Union would sooner see us destroyed as a nation than fail to compel the observance of the Covenant by "Sanctions." Newspapers of usually surrenderist policy where British concerns are at issue would gladly see us fight bereft of arms or men—a situation which they did so much to bring about. The *News Chronicle* the other day suggested that France would support us (in coercing Mussolini to obey the League) if we guaranteed to support France in any circumstances in Europe. Could dementia go farther?

Surely these tendencies convey their own moral, namely, that Mr. Baldwin's policy has led the

nation on the downward path to ruin to such an extent that we rub our eyes in astonishment to find the type of men he leads to-day. Even poor old Mr. George Lansbury with his pacifism, which would give anything to anybody sooner than fight, could never have collected greater anti-British extremists than has Mr. Baldwin who poses as the Conservative Leader!

That is the crime against the nation. Mr. Baldwin is entitled as a politician to any obsolete or extreme view he wishes to hold. But to pretend to stand as the representative leader of Conservatism, when he has sacrificed our national greatness, sold the pass and is bent as far as he dare to drag us down to the depths, is an unpardonable and wicked deception. Geneva, he says, is his "Sheet-anchor," so he wishes and hopes yet to be able to trick us into a quarrel with Mussolini—Fascism being his *bête noire* also—by the use of the fraudulent term "Sanctions." The only hope is that the good sense of the country will rise and with one accord throw him out together with our membership of this abortive League of Nations.

Trade Unions and Russia

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

THE spectacle of Satan rebuking sin is never entirely lacking in humour. An example of it is to be seen in the indignation recently displayed by certain trade unions' leaders at the bribery which is being dispensed by the Communists among the rank and file of the unions with the object of fomenting a revolt against those of their precious leaders who have failed effectively to "deliver the goods" to Russia, not, be it noted, for want of trying.

It is well known that Russian gold was being freely distributed at the time the *Daily Herald*, under its then editor, was advocating "Direct Action" and Revolution, yet there was no protest from these indignant gentlemen. Nor was it to be expected, for the paper but enunciated the policy of their taskmasters upon which they were engaged. It was not their fault, or that of their erstwhile comrades, now members of the Cabinet, that their culminating effort—the General Strike—proved such a humiliating fiasco, but that it caused the country and their deluded followers intense harm cannot be questioned. To cite but one instance:—

"Your coal strike and your general strike—they were Germany's great opportunity!" an Austrian exclaimed to me in 1927. "Your trade union leaders put Germany on her feet again. I was in Holland at that time, and every day I saw train-load after train-load of German coal rushed out of the country, many of them only dispatched after the granting of contracts for successive years."

There is ample evidence that the failure of the General Strike engendered in the members of trade

unions a feeling of distrust in their leaders, which has become more and more pronounced since the abject failure of the Labour Party, when given the opportunity to prove itself fit to govern, a fact of which no section of the community is more fully aware than the men themselves, who now realise that they owe the general improvement in their position to the willing sacrifices of the very class their leaders endeavoured to set them against.

The wily Bolshevik is seeking to exploit the position, but he will seek in vain. The British workman has been quicker to see through him than his leaders were. He is at heart a Conservative—even an Imperialist—and has no use for "the bloody foreigner" who presumes to meddle in his affairs. He is beginning to recognise, too, that strikes have a boomerang effect and that Socialism, as preached by his leaders in the past, is played out. His eyes are opening to the fact that all these burdens upon industry have greatly accelerated the formation of big combines, the majority of small firms being unable to stand the strain, and the big combine, inevitably an impersonal concern, reduces the possibilities of harmonious relationships between employers and employed.

It is far easier to quarrel with and find grievances against a board of directors than against a master known from childhood and succeeding his father, while a strange, hustling manager, interested rather in his own work than in the men, may quickly become the personification of all that melodramatic evil which Socialists attribute to employers as a class. So has Socialism vilified and stirred up strife that it is astonishing that there

is a decent workman or amiable employer left in the country, for "Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from desire."

Leadership other than that of individuals, or a group, soaked in the belief of Socialism is needed to bring about that true industrial revival which so largely depends upon "a new spirit in industry," and the first teaching of true Conservatism is that justice shall be done to the man who makes the effort.

It must insist, therefore, in the name of morality, as well as for the good of industry, that the better workman is the better rewarded, and it cannot allow that state of affairs to continue to which reference was made in the *Fortnightly Review*:

"Elsewhere . . . Continentals are in charge of another big enterprise, a new beet-sugar factory. A Belgian there pointed out two men shovelling clay, one much faster than the other. 'If I did not pay them the same,' he said, 'there would be a strike.' His opinion was that the same principle of equal pay for unequal work was insisted upon everywhere in the British Isles and he knew it nowhere on the Continent. 'Since all the world is in competition,' he said, 'that principle must be the ruin of Great Britain if it is maintained.'"

The T.U.C., in fact, has not only done great damage by its teachings and its actions, but it has

failed even to establish itself with complete security. It is out-moded and out-generalled in every direction and its recent perfervid support (in the very face of the trade unions' leaders war record) of the League of Nations to the pitch of war is a remarkable example of the strange friendships of effete notions struggling for survival.

For not only is Communism attacking the trade unions' leaders, but the very march of industry defies them. For example, while the strikes organised by the union were working so strongly towards the ruin of the British railways, motor transport both of passengers and of goods progressed at amazing speed, generally on a system of low wages and long hours. Having taught every kind of bastard Socialism the trade unions' leaders are now frequently hoist with their own petard, as in the matter of recent "unofficial" strikes, and they are as useless to any true reorganisation of industry as to any true Conservative life for the nation.

In the realm of industry even more than in that of politics true leadership and policy is urgently required, a leadership to strengthen individual effort, to secure to the worker the rewards of that effort, and to unite employer and employed for their mutual lasting benefit.

RAPPROCHEMENT

(Recent diplomatic exchanges are thought to suggest that Germany and Italy are "drawing together.")

Before the war the Boche (or Hun)
Agog for places in the sun,
And sure that nothing could resist
The frantic Kaiser's mailed fist,
Prepared to give the world defiance
Regardless of the Triple Alliance.
To him Italia's bounding Wops
As fighting men were merely flops,
And when the actual war began
He told his pal, the Austrian,
"Those chaps have sold us both a pup;
Go down and mop the blighters up."

But that is now an old, old story,
The war was long and also gory.
Both France and Belgium, sorely smitten,
Said "No more war!" and so did Britain.
Adding that none, unless insane,
Could ever dream of war again.
They say it still, but others are
Preparing eagerly for war;
The German, openly in arms,
Thrills with excursions and alarms,
While the Italians, full of fight,
Having an actual foe in sight,
Are pledged, by every warlike means,
To give the Abyssinians beans.

Though there's no money in their banks,
They pile up aeroplanes and tanks;
Their trade is bad, their credit low.
Does that deter them? Oh, dear no!
Deeming such conduct past belief
The world recoils in pain and grief,
And wonders vaguely if the Fates
Approve authoritarian states,
And if there's aught else they can do
But become fierce and warlike too.

And while Geneva's angry dove,
No longer cooing notes of love,
Is threatening with a good hard peck
The man who means to wring its neck,
All else forgot, the Fascist states
Become each other's soulful mates,
And with authoritarian zest
Bid loud defiance to the rest.
Deaf to Geneva's ululations
They'll form a League of Fighting Nations,
The warlike Teuton to whom strife
Has always been the breath of life,
The Italian who, since Cæsar's day
Has fought less fiercely than he may.

HAMADRYAD.

The Man of Steel

By Meriel Buchanan

WHO would have believed that the shabby, dirty terrorist, loitering round the Putiloff Works in St. Petersburg, and known to the police as "Koba," would one day rule in undisputed tyranny over the whole of Russia? This "Koba," or, to call him by his real name, Joseph Dzhugashvili, was always being arrested and was also always escaping. Wherever he was sent, however closely he was watched, he seemed always to find ways of evading his guards, of disappearing and turning up again in unexpected places, creating trouble, stirring up discord!

In 1905 he was inciting rebellious crowds in St. Petersburg and Moscow. In 1907 he was throwing bombs in Tiflis. Another time he was making revolutionary speeches at the Baku Oil Wells, or he was attending open air meetings in Hyde Park, or again he was founding the Communist paper *Pravda* in St. Petersburg. Finally, in the Spring of 1913, he was arrested for the last time and banished to Kuleika, a village in far Eastern Siberia, and from here he only returned when the first revolution, in the spring of 1917, gave liberty to all political prisoners.

LENIN'S FAVOURITE

So he came once more to St. Petersburg, or rather Petrograd, and mingled with the confused, tumultuous crowds who thronged the streets, dirty and unkempt as ever, in his greasy, disreputable khaki shirt, attending meetings, making speeches at street corners, going to meet Lenin, carrying a bouquet of crimson carnations!

At one of the big political meetings during that bewildering precarious spring, a dark, low-browed man was pointed out to me in the crowd "That is one of Lenin's favourite lieutenants," I was told, "Joseph Dzhugashvili, the Caucasian. He used to be known as 'Koba' but Lenin calls him 'Stalin' the man of steel! He is using him for his propaganda, to start little units of Bolshevik Soviets all over the country."

Kerensky, his arm in a sling, his face the colour of paper above his black tunic, was speaking at the moment, and the crowd shouted and bellowed its enthusiasm for the popular hero of the moment. Albert Thomas, the French socialist followed his fiery eloquence calling on the Russian soldiers to stand fast with the Allies. Once more thundering applause swept the hall into a frenzy of cheers, but the Caucasian who had been pointed out to me remained untouched by that enthusiasm, his face, enigmatic, granite-like, in its immovability. At the moment he was just a figure among a hundred other figures in the vast, seething crowd, but later I was to remember that one glimpse I had of this man, of whom Lenin himself had said, "Stalin is infinitely more dangerous than Trotsky, his

double-faced methods can only be measured by the intensity of his political frenzy, and by the greatness of his ambition, which is unlimited."

That "unlimited ambition" has carried him to the pinnacle of power, it has swept away all opposition, all obstacles, all obstructions. Enemies and friends, comrades in arms and political opponents, they have all gone down before that ruthless, unscrupulous egoism, that iron will power, which ever dreams of further conquests, of wider domination.

Some writers have even likened him to Peter the Great, that ruthless, giant Emperor who sacrificed hundreds of lives in order to build his new capital on a fever swamp.

But there are some acts in Stalin's life which do not bear any resemblance to Peter the Great, some acts which are glossed over, or omitted altogether by biographers and admirers. They make little mention of the ruthless edict which he enunciated that all who stood in the way of the revolution must be shot. They gloss over the fact that it was Stalin who conceived the idea of the Cheka. They say very little of the horrors of the rule of terror directed by him and Felix Dzerzhinsky in Staritsin and Perm. And they make no mention at all of his part in that most terrible crime of all, the murder of the Imperial family!

THE MURDER PLOT

When the White Armies were advancing on Ekaterinburg, Lenin and Trotsky wanted the Emperor placed under the guard of the sailors and workmen in Petrograd, but however rigorously the Emperor was guarded, as long as he lived Stalin knew he would form a rallying point for the White Armies and the Russian emigrés abroad, so with Sverdloff, the President of the Central Committee, he discussed the idea for the murder of the Imperial family, agreeing to throw all the blame on the Ekaterinburg Soviet. Sverdlov, his friend the delegate Isai Goloshekin, Beloborodoff, the Commissar of Ekaterinburg, and Yurovsky, the gaoler, their connection with the crime is established beyond a doubt, but it was Stalin who said "It is understood that the Emperor must on no account be freed by the White Armies."

Those words were the death sentence and gave Goloshekin and Beloborodoff full powers to carry on the unspeakable programme, the results of which were communicated in the telegram which fell into the hands of the rescuing army who had arrived in Ekaterinburg three days too late! "Tell Sverdloff that the whole family has met the same fate as its head. Officially the family will perish during evacuation."

THE COMINTERN, SO THE SOVIET ASSURE ALL FOREIGN POWERS, IS IN NO WAY CONNECTED WITH THE

GOVERNMENT, AND YET IN A SHORT SYMPOSIUM ON STALIN, COMPILED BY MANUILSKY, KOGANOVITCH, AND OTHERS, WE FIND THESE WORDS, "FIFTHLY AND LASTLY, WE SHALL NOW DEAL WITH THE IMMEDIATE PARTICIPATION AND THE DECISIVE ROLE OF COMRADE STALIN IN WORKING OUT THE PROGRAMME OF THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL."

Stalin has not yet fulfilled all his ambitions; he still aims at a world revolution which will unite a group of Soviet States under his dictatorship.

Already in October 1927 he declared that Russia possessed efficiently conducted chemical defence workshops "whose output will enable us to paralyse the nations who dare to attack us within twelve hours."

That was eight years ago and since then the Soviet State has been increasing every branch of offensive and defensive warfare, and at this moment of crisis in Europe, Stalin waits, stroking his chin with the gesture habitual to him, and sees the realisation of his long cherished dreams in sight!

This is the man who was applauded in a West End Cinema above all other European statesmen!

Italo-Abyssinian Conflict— and the Sequel

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer

A PART from the merits of the case, the Italo-Abyssinian question has now reached a stage in which war seems inevitable—at least unless a miracle happens.

The League of Nations is unlikely to work a miracle. It has already failed to check Japan's occupation of Manchuria or the re-armament of Nazi Germany in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles; it is still less likely to succeed with Mussolini, who, with the public opinion and fervent patriotic ardour of Italy behind him, has repeatedly declared that war alone can give his country security and capacity for expansion. The Duce is riding a tiger from which he cannot dismount, nor indeed does he wish to.

A MAN OF HIS WORD

He has also made it clear—and we must recognise that he is a man of his word—that any attempt by the League to enforce sanctions against Italy will be treated as a hostile act.

It is fairly certain that if the League decides on sanctions, the task of enforcing them would be thrown mainly on England, and the result would probably be a world-wide conflagration. That may be regarded with equanimity by the idealists of Geneva—hitherto more successful in promoting than in preventing war—and it was even welcomed by the recent Trade Union Congress at Margate. But does anyone seriously believe that British public opinion would support a war against our old friend and ally at the behest of the League of Nations?

No other country—least of all France—would be found willing to burn its fingers in pulling the Abyssinian chestnuts out of the fire.

While trying to understand Abyssinia's position,

there is no need to waste sympathy on her. She is still, as a whole, in a barbarous or semi-barbarous stage, hardly veiled by the nominal Christianity which sits lightly on the ruling Amharic tribe; slavery, serfdom, brigandage and inter-tribal fighting are indigenous institutions, and the Italian Colonies have suffered particularly from repeated slave-raiding. Abyssinia should never have been admitted to the League of Nations in 1923; and it is noteworthy that the representatives of Great Britain, Australia and Switzerland then opposed her inclusion in the League till she had abolished slavery and could prove that the Central Government was able to enforce its authority on the outlying tribes and chiefs. That wise proposal was over-ruled by the Geneva enthusiasts—among them France and Italy—and Abyssinia is now in a position to invite the aid of the League to help her out of difficulties which are largely due to her own misrule.

ABYSSINIA'S WARRIORS

Moreover, she will have many advantages on her side in the coming struggle. Her twelve or fifteen millions are mainly hardy and warlike mountaineers; she can probably call up a million of fighting men and though only a fraction of these—perhaps one twentieth—are equipped with modern armament and have been trained by Belgian and Swedish officers, they have the advantage of fighting in their own mountain *terrain* against an enemy whom they defeated forty years ago.

If they adhere, as is probable, to guerrilla warfare, the war is likely to be a long and costly one for Italy. Military history shows repeated instances of the difficulties of an invader dealing with an

elusive enemy, especially in a roadless, mountainous country.

Our own successful advance on Magdala in 1868, when we overthrew the tyrant Theodore, with only a few score of casualties, is no guide, because we had the people and their chiefs on our side. But how long and costly the Boer war proved, though we had a vast superiority in numbers and were operating in a fairly open and well-known country.

It took the French a generation to conquer the Arab and Berber tribes of Algeria, and, more recently, 20 years of constant fighting to establish their supremacy in Morocco.

In the same area Spain's attacks on Abdul Krim and the Riff tribes involved her in a protracted war, from which she emerged victorious only with French help.

MEN ON THE SPOT

Italy is fortunate in having as Commander-in-Chief in Abyssinia, General Graziani. He has had wide experience of African tribal warfare; but it took him twelve or thirteen years to conquer Libya—a fairly open desert country—so that he, at least, is not likely to under-rate the difficulties before him. In his task he will have the valuable experience of Emilio de Bono—one of Italy's most brilliant administrators—who will have charge of supply and transport and of the civil administration. French military experts who know something of Abyssinia are of the opinion that Italy has before her a far tougher task than France has had in Algeria and Morocco.

The pre-occupation of Italy in a long and exhausting African war, which must cause a serious drain on her military and financial resources, must inevitably react on Europe, and might encourage Nazi Germany to pursue her designs against France and Austria. That, no doubt, is one reason why M. Laval is giving support to the British policy of endeavouring, even at the eleventh hour, to avert the war. France and Italy have common interests in Europe, and if Mussolini would listen to anyone, it would be either to M. Laval or to the Pope, both of whom are strenuously working for a peaceful solution.

Unfortunately our British Pacifists and Socialists, by their violent denunciations of Fascist Italy, whose success would, they believe, be a danger to their Soviet friends, have so far only infuriated instead of allaying the war fever in Italy. The wisest policy for our Government to pursue, is to dissociate themselves from these tirades, and with the co-operation of France, to narrow the issue to one between the two parties primarily concerned, to carry on the negotiations for a peaceful solution which will give Italy security for her African colonies and a reasonable outlet in Abyssinia for her industrious population, subject to the maintenance of existing French and British interest there.

Should these efforts unfortunately fail and war break out, France and England in co-operation would doubtless not only strive to limit it to the two combatants, but would be on the watch for an early opportunity to intervene and bring about a



WHAT THE ITALIANS MAY HAVE TO MEET

A Typical Abyssinian Irregular

peace in which Abyssinia, under Italian guidance and with the goodwill of England and France, while retaining sovereignty akin to that of the Sultan of Morocco, would cease to be the last stronghold of barbarism and slavery in Africa, would conform to the standards of civilisation, as established by the French in Morocco and the English in Egypt, and be opened up to economic development with the aid of Italian brains and enterprise.

Italy may be actuated—like every other State which has established a Colonial Empire—by self-interest, but her need for expansion is generally admitted, and in the great enterprise before her she has strong grounds for claiming to be the standard bearer of civilisation.

Abyssinia's Slaves Stampede to Freedom

By Ignatius Phayre

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" is to-day being re-written, and in our Foreign Office archives! For if the four million slaves of President Lincoln's lurid term found an "Underground Railway" of escape—Hailé Selassié's two million (Lady Simon thinks he may have three or more) now scurry by the Blue Nile "Tube" into that rich new empire of cotton which is the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan. We do not tempt these fugitives: we merely act the "Good Neighbour's" part—and incidentally help to solve the Emperor's major social problem.

Recruited by bloody forays in the night; chained up and driven to market like animals—there to be bought and sold like the farmer's live-stock, or else herded in caravans up to the Red Sea for export to Mecca, Medina and other Arab towns—you may well imagine the apathy of Abyssinia's two-legged "chattels" to all the tocsins of National Defence they hear around them to-day.

Never before had they such a chance of a dash for freedom as in the present tumult. For years, let me say here, our Admiralty has kept war-sloops in the Narrow Sea to watch for Arab dhows and the smaller *zarouks* and *sambouks* full of manacled captives. Swift craft are those "pirates" in a "Force 5" wind. We have spoiled "The Trade" with King Ibn Saud's domain. But the profits make flesh-and-blood cargoes worth all the smuggling risks.

British Territory Raided

A young Abyssinian girl is worth £40 on the African coast—say, at Obok or Tajourah. Swooped over to the Asian side, she will fetch £80 or more in the "slave-shops" that Mr. Eldon Rutter saw beside the holiest Mosque in all Islam. Who would believe—unless Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell said so as First Lord—that we still send out fourteen of His Majesty's ships "with Slave-Trade instructions?"

Is this human "property" fairly treated in Hailé Selassié's feudal realm—where Church and State have been built on it for a thousand years? In the "domestic" sphere, yes—though not so paternally as across the way in Arabia under the *riqq* system of Islamic serfdom. In Abyssinia's remote Provinces, flogging, mutilation and "cattle"-branding with hot irons are common penalties for unruly or lazy slaves. Thousands of these, I may say, have been rounded up by Abyssinian gun-and-spear poachers in *British territory*: Kenya, Uganda and the Soudan.

Such forays have often been debated in Parliament; our Foreign Office White Books are full of ghastly details. For when the home *safari*-fields in the hot lowlands grow thin, man-hunters of Abyssinia cross the Borders in quest of human

prey. One such band spent two whole months in the Soudan before Sir John Maffey's Slave-Patrol could drive them out. The same service by the King's African Rifles and other forces have cost Kenya Colony £40,000 a year. We have been very patient with Abyssinia's raiders on four fronts!

Since the clash with Italy began these "chattel" slaves have been trickling into the Soudan; now they come in torrents, and the sequel is a Foreign Office chapter of high topical interest. All Abyssinians know that the "real" Nile—the rich silt-bringing flood which is life to Egypt and the Soudan—is in "their" keeping. It crashes out of a crater at 6,000 feet in Ras Hailu's craggy domain of Gojam.

A holy place is that Nile's source. Famous Lake Tsana—the anxious theme of Downing Street Treaties for the past fifty years—has many hidden shrines and convents on its islands. But the Tsana Dam is still shelved, through fears of the priests and farmers that their crops will be drowned out.

Slaves' Paradise

After a vast bend, the Blue Nile races into the Soudan, there to irrigate new cotton-fields whose yield increases by leaps and bounds. For the Empire Cotton-Growing Association's aim is to make us independent of America's supplies, thus aiding an industry of stupendous capital, up to £550,000,000.

For a long time Abyssinia's serfs have heard of a nearby wonderland of 1,000,000 square miles under the British flag. Their "own" Nile pointed the way to it. In the Soudan, as coffee-traders told them, they would be "free" men and women! Here was a body-and-soul state hard to realise. No hippo-hide lash, no chains or searing irons. *And money given for the day's labour.* That was the miracle of all!

Earlier runaways were collected and sent back in reply to "lost-property" claims from their irate owners. The F.O. asked our Minister in Addis Ababa to report on the wisdom of this. And his reply discouraged it. Ato Gabru (he felt), to whom Captain Cochrane had consigned a bunch of "strays"—was a magnate whose assurance of lenience might well be "worthless." So after that round-up, there were no more "returns."

Just here Sir Austen Chamberlain's testimony is of curious interest. It figures in a Foreign Office letter sent to my friend, Sir John Harris, of the Anti-Slavery Society; and I owe a sight of it to Lady Kathleen Simon, the Home Secretary's wife, who is so well known as a tireless worker in this humane cause.

"As a rule," Sir Austen says—"these (Abyssinian) refugees come in twos and threes, or

singly. But there have been cases where much larger groups up to 150 have crossed over into the Fung Province " (at Rosieres and Kurmuk, where cotton is now grown on a huge scale). And again : " The records of Kassala show that 173 slaves have escaped to Gedaref, seventy-five miles from the Frontier." These were " registered cases," but :—" Many more may have escaped into the Soudan of whom no record exists."

Their masters implore our Government—" in God's name and Justice! "—to restore their two-legged belongings :—" We cannot get on without them." Thus Ibrahim Atham bewails a loss of " eight head " of his human live-stock—" among them a woman I had made my wife! " Their tracks made for a British cotton-centre on the Atbara River. A pursuit-party had no luck; so the mourner begs our officer " to go after them and bring them before the Commissioner at Gedaref." Another aggrieved one reports *his* runaways : " Hand them to bearer, for all are fled through no fault of mine! I greet Y.E. and I harbour hopes! . . .

" Dedjazmatch Abd el-Rahman.

" Done at the Frontier Bureau, on the 27th of Gumada el Gwal, 1345."

One learns in Downing Street that these " Lost

Property " pleas are now made in vain : " *In no case has any escaped slave been sent back to Abyssinia.*" They join refugee colonies such as the one at Gharb el-Gash, near Kassala—a region now green and white with cotton-plants to the horizon. " Work is there found for the men "—Sir Austen Chamberlain reveals—" *And husbands for the unmarried women.*"

This must surely be the only " matrimonial agency " officially run under our Imperial flag? . . . " These colonies flourish, and children are born there into Freedom." Moreover, the fugitives may choose their own homes, sixty miles or more from dread Slavery's Frontier. There they are given land for building, and growing their food. And lastly :—" In cases where large parties enter the Soudan in a destitute state, loans from the Public Funds are issued to them. These are repaid after the harvest is got in; and the past year's taxes are remitted."

How many of us are aware of this state *caritas*?

It is done in secret, so to say, and without any fuss—for helpless creatures to whom Britain's Flag is the bright emblem of their salvation—while the red, green and gold of Abyssinia's remains only a dull memory of beasts-of-burden toil from the cradle to the grave!

Congress Dances!

By an American Correspondent

IN England the Parliamentary session opens with a blaze of colour and pageantry, and usually fades out quietly and inconspicuously. In the United States, on the other hand, a Congressional session is convened with the minimum of ceremonial observance; but, as the news dispatches from Washington have recounted, it ends with observances which seem to partake somewhat of the nature of an undergraduate rag.

The Marines' Band is called in to render " The Blue and the Gray," " The Sidewalks of New York," and other haunting melodies of the younger days of the legislators; the Senators themselves perform " snake dances " (which really aren't so terrible as they sound; the Americanised snake dance consists merely of a slowly moving procession of men, each with his hands on the shoulders of the man in front!) about the floor of their Upper Chamber; the flashlights explode in the corridors of the Capitol; the wireless commentators bark their staccato accents into the microphones.

As a mocking obligato to it all there were the tactics of Huey Long, who held the floor by virtue of that ancient Senate rule which forbids the application of the " gag;" and who finally " talked out " the session, which ended with a not inconsiderable share of its legislative task unperformed.

Senator Long has now unhappily fallen a victim to an assassin's bullet; and the outstanding personality among American radicals

has thus been removed from the political scene.

It is still too early to assess the probable effect of his death upon President Roosevelt's status. Perhaps it would even be better to suspend judgment altogether until the Members of Congress, at long last mercifully released from the stifling heat of Washington, re-establish their contact with the " boys in the back room;" until they have discarded the morning coats and silk hats of Washington for the informal attire held appropriate to late summer on the thousands of Main Streets from coast to coast; and have begun again to learn what their constituents are thinking and doing.

For although the legislators from the hinterland no longer make their wills and commend their souls to God when they embark upon the journey to Washington, they nevertheless tend to lose touch with their constituents after they get there. Only a very few topics excite the whole of the United States simultaneously: the vast distances, the diversification of interests, the lack of " national " newspapers as Europeans understand the term—all put a premium on sectionalism.

Yet in the larger sense there exists one topic of universal interest; depression or prosperity? Has the United States, economically speaking, turned the corner? Has the " pump-priming " process been successful? Is that elusive, intangible deity of all business men, Confidence, again about to unveil himself to the faithful?

These are the questions which the Congressmen are asking themselves as they leave Washington for their homes; and upon the answers which they must soon form in their own minds will depend the eventual election to the Presidency next year of President Roosevelt (who, humanly speaking, is certain to be the Democratic nominee) or of—shall we say—Mr. X (for the Republicans will have to have a candidate, although at the moment his identity is a matter for speculation).

Unless things change radically for the worse during the next twelvemonth, there is no prospect of the election of outsiders such as Townsend or Sinclair. Such radical personalities have what Americans term a nuisance value; they will not win the race, but they may prevent another entry from winning. The temptation is therefore strong for members of the older parties secretly to subsidise the campaign funds of one or another of these gentry in the hope that the Opposition vote will thus be divided, and it is already being asserted in the United States that big business interests are prepared to contribute to the radical campaign funds in such a hope.

Apparently it has not yet been perceived by the wealthy American that this is a dangerous game to play; as witness the present status of the dictators, who accepted the backing of the bourgeois while they needed it, but who now crack the whip while their erstwhile patrons jump. But how far will it be necessary for him to play it?

Will such tactics be necessary to defeat Mr. Roosevelt; or will the boys in the back room do that on their own initiative?

Again the answer must be, "Wait and See." On the credit side of the ledger the President can list the undoubted fact that in the superficial economic sense, the country has definitely improved since he took office. The banking system is functioning again; more goods are being produced and sold; there is more money in circulation; and the New York Stock Exchange has even felt itself sufficiently convalescent to have a night out in the shape of a tentative "boom." But—how much of the improvement is genuine, and how much artificial?

By European standards both the tax level and the deadweight national debt of America are nothing to worry about; a country with such a population, resources and technical equipment is still far from the end of its borrowing tether. But not so far as it was!

It is estimated that the session of Congress just ended, saw the appropriation of no less than £2,000,000,000 for various purposes, most of which consisted of direct or indirect subsidies to business. And there is no special prospect of raising any great proportion of this by means of taxation; the widely advertised "Soak the Rich" taxes seem likely to yield only about £50,000,000 annually, and it is now frankly admitted that the day when the national budget will balance is not yet in sight.

Our Empire—A Parable

*A wise man builds his house on rock,
A fool builds his upon the sand—
But a greater fool is he who pulleth down
What he hath built with care and labour,
To appease the envy of his neighbour.*

THERE was once a Wise Man who built his house upon a rock, and made his walls of stone, to protect his sons and daughters from the envy and avarice of his neighbours; and because of his forethought he was respected by all men. He became rich and powerful. Those in distress sought his help, for he was known as a just man and full of compassion, and he gave to many the protection of his house. So his family flourished happy in their security, and at peace with their neighbours.

AFTER the Wise Man died, his sons and their sons honoured his memory, and trod fearlessly in his footsteps. But alas, one day a strange canker crept into the minds of the inmates of the House of the Rock, and they said one to another—"Is it right for us to have so strong a house when our neighbours have so little? We cannot give them a rock to build upon, but we could let them have a stone or two to strengthen their dwellings." So this strange madness grew, and their neighbours demanded more and more stones with which to strengthen their houses. And the people of the House of the Rock said piously—"Our poor friends, we must not let them feel

envious of our greater position, surely we who have so much must not be selfish." So they pulled down their walls that their neighbours might build.

AT last came a day when only one stone remained standing of all those the Wise Man had so carefully erected, and his descendants said: "We will keep this stone as a memento of our House." But during the night a thief came and stole it while they slept.

THEIR neighbours despised them for their stupidity and said to each other. "Let us have that rock for ourselves." So they rose in a body and went to the people of the Rock saying: "We want the rock you live upon for our Children."

THEN the People of the Rock replied sadly, "Friends, we have given you our walls and grudged them not, but this rock has been our home for generations and the foundation of our race, so we must refuse, for it is all we have left."

THEIR neighbours jeered "Very well, we shall take it" they replied.

THE People of the Rock were amazed at their ingratitude, but because they no longer had walls to protect them, they were driven forth into the desert and perished.

VALENTINE WALLEY.

Why Play Germany's Game?

By Robert Machray

FOR several years the atmosphere at Geneva has been anything but clear. More clouded and confused now than ever because of the grim possibilities of the Italo-Abyssinian quarrel, it carries a remarkably "low visibility," which, however, encourages all sorts of illusory reports and conjectures respecting what has happened or likely to happen there. Many of our good, quiet people, anxious for peace in their time, are terribly liable to be deceived and to conclude that the crisis will be speedily resolved, though as a matter of plain fact there is not much ground for supposing anything of the kind, but rather the contrary.

Of these reports and conjectures—mostly interested guesses—all should beware. On the part of the upholders of the tottering League these, of course, have taken their shape and colour from the desperate efforts made to save its face and preserve it from destruction and death, and have little or no relation to the essential circumstances of the case itself or of the general situation. They are none the less dangerous, because, whether intentionally or not, they are most misleading, especially as regards the general situation, which is developing unmistakably in a certain direction that is full of menace to the peace of Europe.

FOLLOW-MY-LEADER

On Wednesday of last week the Council of the League began its discussions on the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, but after three days of profitless talk it handed over the whole business in despair to a Conciliation Committee consisting of England, France, Poland, Spain and Turkey. On the following Monday—September 9th—the Assembly met, under the shadow of this embittered controversy.

Most of the members of the Assembly represent small and unimportant States, which by the extravagant fiction of democratic equality the League was based upon, have individually the same voting strength as the Great Powers, though they have no power to impose Sanctions themselves—or anything else. It has been well said that they go to Geneva to get something for nothing. Few of these minor States have any direct concern in the Abyssinian affair, but they follow the lead of the Great Powers as best suits their own interests. It is said that nearly all of them are hostile to Italy, of whose resulting "isolation" much is made. But is this true—is she isolated? No!

Counting Italy in, four of the existing seven Great Powers remain in the League; should Italy withdraw, as is probable enough, the majority of these seven Powers will stand outside it. As things are, France and her Little Entente and Balkan Entente allies present a fairly solid front in the League, and constitute the one really strong oppositional group to Germany—not, be it noted, to Italy, with whom, as I said in my article last

week, France is extremely desirous of preserving her lately-found friendship. It is obvious that M. Laval is concentrating all his efforts on obtaining satisfaction for Signor Mussolini so as to avoid having even to talk of applying Sanctions.

The other Great Powers are Soviet Russia and England. With his customary effrontery, Litvinoff, the Soviet's Foreign Commissar and representative at Geneva, be-rated Italy for thinking of attacking Abyssinia and ordered the League to do its duty. It may be doubted whether his speech, which was couched in violent and domineering terms, had really much effect, for there is no member of the League who does not know that what induced the Soviet to join the League was solely the expectation that by doing so it would gain support against Japan, whom it fears with good reason, and that this fear will prevent it from attempting to apply Sanctions in any form whatsoever. The Soviet then, can be counted out too.

THE WRECKER

There remains England. Our fatuous Government "stands by the League," but the action of Canada has made it plain that it does not speak for the Empire in this matter. It is to be hoped that this will give Mr. Baldwin cause to reflect on the foolishness of his statement that the Covenant is the sheet-anchor of British foreign policy. And this all the more because other Dominions will probably take the same line as Canada. Does Mr. Baldwin really intend to break up the Empire? More than any man he is responsible for the deplorable military weakness of this country—and now, at his instance, comes this possible, frightful breach in the unity of the Empire. Baldwin, the Wrecker! What a title!

But the most significant thing in the news this week is that the action of our wretched Government is drawing Italy once more into the orbit of Germany. Last Sunday the new Italian Ambassador to Germany was received by Herr Hitler in such circumstances as must be held to demonstrate a renewal of the friendship between their two countries, and to suggest another *break*—this time in the vaunted solidarity of the "Stresa Powers," upon which our Government at least was supposed to set such store. The combination of Germany, really or potentially the strongest Power in Europe, with Italy, which has now upwards of a million men in arms, means what to England and Empire? Good? Is it likely?

The simple but formidable truth is that the sheet-anchor policy of our Government at Geneva has played and is playing into the hands, ever-grasping, of Germany. Why is it that the Government is acting in this way—has it absolutely no political insight or intelligence? It certainly looks like it.

RACING

Nursery Days Again

By David Learmonth

THE man who gave his opinion that Nurseries were so named because they had been designed in order to teach the uninitiated the folly of betting may have had some reason for his bitterness; for, when all is said and done, it is well-known that many two-year-olds are kept specially for these events.

Perhaps we would not mind so much if we knew when one of these back end *coups* was to be attempted and if the gamble always came off. It would be such easy money that we could not very well complain.

Unfortunately, however, it frequently happens that not one but several animals have been reserved for a particular race. They obviously cannot all win, so somebody has to lose.

I have always advised the man in the street to avoid these nurseries, many of which are run over a longer distance than the two-year-olds have hitherto covered and all of which are purely and simply mediums for gambling. This does not mean that such owners as Lord Derby and Lord Astor suddenly take to plunging when September comes along; but others do their fair share of putting down the money and take the most elaborate precautions to make as certain as possible that they will land the odds.

I confess candidly that I have never liked Nursery Handicaps which, in my opinion, lend themselves far too much to jiggery-pokery. But, if one must bet on them and one is not in the position to secure information, then one will be well advised to study past records and make a list of those trainers who are particularly successful in this class of events and whose horses, moreover, win when backed.

IMPROVED YOUNGSTERS

There are also many two-year-olds which were genuinely backward and which with more time and softer ground both on courses and on home gallops may naturally be expected to improve during the Autumn. Some of these may be expected to score legitimate wins without having been "readied" during the earlier part of the season.

It must also be borne in mind that this is the season when fillies come into their own. This applies in perhaps a greater degree to three-year-old fillies than to two-year-olds. Thus, the very impressive victory of Quashed in the Prince Edward Handicap raises possibilities of honours in the back end handicaps. Had she not incurred a penalty by her Manchester victory I would have fancied her greatly on this form. As things are, I am afraid Lord Stanley's filly may find the weight a little too much.

Nevertheless, she will have only 8 st. 9 lbs. to carry which, although the same as Fairbairn, is not out of the way for a three-year-old filly of class

which really stays, and I can see no reason why she should not be in the picture at the finish, even though she does not actually win.

Quashed gets her stamina from the male line as her dam, Verdict, was not a stayer, although a very useful handicapper indeed. About nine furlongs was the best distance of the late Lord Coventry's mare who was, I always thought, lucky to have beaten the great Epinard in the Cambridge-shire, even at such a difference in weight. I am convinced that, had Haines been conversant with the Newmarket course, the French horse would have won.

Verdict was not in the Stud book; but I have always regarded this as a purely technical point. I do not regard it a stain which should have any effect on future generations. This is borne out by the performances of Quashed this year, who should, in turn, prove a very valuable matron.

CHANGING COLOUR

So far our excitements this year have been of a legitimate order such as the sensational defeat of Brantôme in the Ascot Gold Cup. But in France an owner has just been accused of dyeing a horse to represent another. It is true that the incident happened at a trotting meeting; but a similar thing occurred in France at a race meeting earlier in the season.

We have not had a case of this particular fraud for some years when the notorious Peter Barrie operated with remarkable success both on the flat and over hurdles.

Barrie was a merry scamp who did not hide his light under a bushel but, if I remember rightly, even went so far, after he had served his sentence, as to write his reminiscences in which he made no attempt to whitewash himself.

The surprising thing about these fraudulent schemes is how often the horse which has been dyed and substituted for another one fails to win after all. Thus the impostor in France the other day could get no nearer than second, which must be poor compensation for his owner, who was arrested.

The Windsor experiment of reducing the admission money for ladies has now been tried by North-holt Park where a reduction was made last Saturday. I understand, however, that the experiment is not to be persevered with. I have always been a little doubtful as to whether such a reduction would prove a paying proposition; but of course the only way to find out is by trying and watching the result.

For this reason it will be particularly interesting to see what ultimately happens at Windsor; where I understand the reduced prices will remain in force for some time.

WE are interested to see that a new way has been found to secure the peace of the world—by sharing out the British Empire. This policy, as we noted at the time, was first advocated by Mr. George Lansbury some six weeks ago. It was the duty of the Government, he declared, to say to the world—"Come and join us. . . . We are willing to share the territories under our flag." Then last Sunday the idea was developed into a logical system by the Archbishop of York.

* * *

IT was right, Dr. Temple argued, for the League to employ force against an aggressive member; but what if the force were insufficient? This is plainly the dilemma which faces those who have been working for the disarmament of their country since the war. They have destroyed the power to enforce their own policy.

* * *

AND so his Grace was driven to the next step in his thesis. If the aggressive member could not be coerced, she must be satisfied. Great Britain, he concluded, must be "ready, and obviously ready, to start the work of arranging for the nations which lack outlet the means of satisfying their need."

* * *

THUS encouraged, the "Daily Herald" yesterday applied this idea to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, and proposed that Great Britain should bring the matter before the League Council. "The present inequitable distribution of colonial territories," our Socialist contemporary maintained, endangered the peace of the world. To apply the mandatory principle to our Colonial Empire "might achieve much," and "would go some way to meet Italian grievance." Thus we arrive at the conclusion that the only way to secure the peace of the world is for Great Britain to give away the British Empire.

* * *

NOW, if we may say so with respect, we are not a little ashamed that Englishmen should be found capable of expressing such ideas. For disguise them how they may with an affectation of Christian charity, it is really a proposal to return, on an Imperial scale, to ETHELRED'S policy of Danegeld. We are not strong enough to prevent, therefore we must give—such, when it is all boiled down, is the essence of all these fine phrases. And it will be noted that the gentlemen who make them are exactly those who most dislike or denounce the dictatorship of Fascism. They call it a tyranny and are yet willing to concede to

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STOP ^{me} M

it, upon demand, that Empire which they profess to hold in trust.

* * *

IF Italy is, indeed, an aggressor, will she be made any the less so by the satisfaction of her demands? And were such a process begun, where would it stop? Would any nation rest satisfied while any part of the British Empire remained in British possession? Out of strength there might be generosity; but out of weakness and under menace it would look very like blackmail. And in this hard world when spoliation begins, it ends only when the process is complete, when not a feather remains on the bird.

* * *

HAVE these gentlemen any clear conception of how this policy is to be applied? Under the "mandatory system" our Colonial territories might either be handed over to other Mandatory Powers or to a League administration. If the first course were taken, how could we be sure that the new Mandatory Powers would not jump the claims and take possession of the mandated territories with which they were entrusted? But if the second course were followed how could it be expected to satisfy the aggressive Nationalism which supports these present demands?

* * *

WOULD Italy, would Germany, be content to share in an international holding of the territories they desire for their own expansion? And where would the League of Nations find the means to protect these territories against the satisfaction of such ambitions? No, these proposals are not alone unworthy, they are impracticable. And as we have shown, they are the logical consequence of disarmament. For years, as we need hardly remind the attentive reader, we have felt it our duty to warn the nation of the inevitable consequences of that policy. It would lead, we said, first to impotence and then to spoliation.

* * *

THE pusillanimous proposals to which we have referred show that we are already upon the edge of these consequences. And there is only one way to prevent them. The Navy must be restored to its old adequacy of strength. Only so can Great Britain hope to avoid both the failure of her policy and the loss of her Empire.

AND TAKE ONE

After reading the foregoing article Lady Houston, D.B.E., wrote the following letter to the Editor of the Morning Post.

Lady Houston's Questions

SIR,—After reading your leading article in to-day's (Wednesday's) "*Morning Post*," "Stop Me and Take One," the question arising in my mind is: Has any Government—good, bad or indifferent—that happens to be in power the right to dispose of the British Empire just exactly as they wish and see fit? If they have this right—can you tell me where this right is mentioned and laid down? Is it to be found in the Constitutional Laws of the Country?

If there is no mention anywhere of this autocratic power to dispose of not only the Empire but also of the inhabitants therein—why is the Government of the day permitted to do it?

If, on the contrary, there is laid down—as the Law of the Land—that this dictatorial and autocratic power of disposing of the Empire belongs to any Government that happens to be managing—or mismanaging—the country, is it not high time that the question be sifted, gone into, and altered before the whole British Empire is given away? The Law of the Land on this most important question interests every inhabitant of Great Britain and the Empire, and they have a right to know where this Law came from, who made this Law, and when, if ever, so drastic a use was made of it by any previous Government. This should be clearly stated and understood that those "who run may read."

Perhaps the *Morning Post* will inform me what the Law is on this subject, and where this Law can be found.

LUCY HOUSTON.

"Ulterior Motives"

To the Editor of the "Morning Post"

SIR,—I hope many people will read the leading article in your issue of Saturday. Our Socialists, having advocated disarmament and having supported those persons who announced

that they would not fight for King and Country, are now anxious to go to war with Italy and also with Germany should the latter attack Soviet Russia. Italy was our ally during the Great War—Soviet Russia deserted us.

Signor Mussolini has not put the Italian Royal Family into a cellar and murdered them. He has not robbed people of their property. He has not allowed peasants to die of hunger—all these things Soviet Russia has done. But the dictators in Russia call themselves Socialists, and Signor Mussolini is a Fascist.

Therefore we must fight Italy and support Russia.

BANBURY OF SOUTHAM.

Warneford Place, Highworth, Wilts.

Sir Robert Kennedy on the Rights of Governments

To the Editor of the "Morning Post"

SIR,—In your issue of the 6th instant you publish a letter in which Lady Houston asks the very pertinent question, "Has any Government—good, bad, or indifferent—that happens to be in power the right to dispose of the British Empire just exactly as they wish and see fit?"

In this connection I venture to remind your readers that when in October, 1921, Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, was preparing to hand over Northern Ireland and its loyal inhabitants to Mr. De Valera and the Irish Free State, I wrote to the former an open letter, of which the following is a short extract:

"You will pardon me if I venture respectfully to remind you that the British Empire is a sacred trust, of which you, by the force of circumstances, are the temporary Guardian; but it is not the private estate of any Prime Minister, which, no matter how powerful he may be, he can dispose of in lots to suit the convenience of the vendor or the purchaser, nor are its inhabitants serfs or dumb-driven cattle to be handed over by him to murderers, burglars, and cattle raiders."

ROBERT J. KENNEDY.

Cultra Manor,
Craigavad, Co. Down,
Northern Ireland.

TO
LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.,
WHO STROVE SO NOBLY AND COURAGEOUSLY TO
PREVENT THE SURRENDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE,
THIS PLAY,
CENTRED ROUND THE GREATEST ENGLISHMAN WHO HAS
RULED IN INDIA,
IS MOST GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

PERIOD : Between 1775 and 1795.

*The Action of the Play takes place in Calcutta
and London.*

Act I. The Assembly Rooms, Calcutta.

What Happened in the Prologue

Warren Hastings, first Governor-General of India, is surrounded by enemies who wish to dishonour him and deprive him of office. The leader of these is Philip Francis who has just emerged without credit from an affair with the sixteen-years-old wife of George Francis Grand. Grand threatens to file a suit for fifteen lakhs of rupees against Francis. The whole affair looks like being a powerful weapon in Warren Hastings' hand when his fight with Francis comes to a crisis.

ACT I

(ELEVEN MONTHS LATER)

It is the month of November, the beginning of another cold spell, when for a brief period the English in Calcutta live very much the same kind of life to which they have been accustomed at home. They meet together and congratulate each other on having survived the heat and the deadly rainy season. Many have gone under.

The scene is the Assembly Rooms, the first great subscription ball of the cold weather, and everybody attends it from the Governor-General and his lady downwards. The ballroom occupies the greater part of the stage, extending to the back. An ante-room extending the length of the stage from R to L in front of the ballroom, furnished with chairs and sofas for sitting out and gaily festooned with leaves and streamers in pink and blue muslin. The main entrance to the ballroom is a great arch C of ante-room, draped with curtains which are partially drawn, affording a glimpse of the brilliantly lit dancing hall beyond. Sofas to R and L of arch C. The ballroom is decorated with palms, leaves, coloured muslins twined round pillared entrance of arch and festoons of leaves from the great glass chandeliers used to light the ballroom. Music comes faintly from behind the curtains; dancing is already in progress; but straggling late-comers are still arriving. They emerge into the ante-room from R and L, and pass on through the arched entrance into the ballroom. There is an enormous preponderance of men.

The scene is rather English. The oriental touch is given by six chobdars in flat hats, red tunics braided with gold, holding large silver-headed maces reaching to their shoulders from the ground. Two stand at the main entrance, and two at each of the doors R and L. Khitmutgars and abdars carry refreshments from time to time to those in the ante-room. At the sides are a few hookah-bardars, each guarding his master's hookah. Each group of friends as they meet give each other joy and congratulate each other on being still alive.

At the right of the entrance to the ballroom three young men are standing. They are young writers in the Company's service and are dressed with great simplicity; no powder in their hair, and no swords. They bow respectfully to the one or two ladies who, numerously escorted, pass into the ballroom. On the left of the entrance, standing by themselves, are Francis Dibdin and Charles Sumner, also writers. Sumner, aged twenty, the younger of the two, has only landed the day before from the East Indiaman "Cleopatra." He still preserves his

WARREN

A Play consisting of
Prologue and IV Acts

By
Hamish Blair
& Helen White

(Note.—With hardly any exceptions the characters and incidents are true to history. There has been some re-arrangement in the chronological order of the events.)

ruddy English complexion, and is enthralled by the gay and unfamiliar scene. Dibdin is tall and good-looking, and is Sumner's cousin.

A minute after the curtain rises Captain Gervase Bellamy enters from R. The eyes of all the onlookers are riveted upon him, and no wonder! He is arrayed in a brocaded satin coat of bright pea green, pink satin waistcoat and white satin knee breeches. At his neck is a cravat of chained lace falling in a jabot adorned with silver spangles. White silk stockings and pea-green shoes with silver buckles complete a costume which is striking enough to attract attention. He wears his hair thickly powdered in a queue, tied with a green ribbon, and carries a sword at his side.

Captain Bellamy is tall and stout, with a red face, heavy lidded eyes, a truculent expression and an aggressive manner. He is a noted duellist, and as he swaggers towards the ballroom entrance he eyes the young civilians with looks of contempt. They appear to be amused at his appearance, at which he frowns.

Enter from L, Edgar Wilkins, a shorter, younger man dressed in identically the same costume. He advances with alert step until, when they are both nearly opposite the entrance, the two catch sight of each other and start back. They gaze haughtily at each other through their quizzing glasses, while the bystanders look on with un-suppressed mirth.

After a slight pause Bellamy, scowling ominously, is the first to speak.

BELLAMY (freezingly): It seems, sir, that our tailors are acquainted.

WILKINS (hotly): That, sir, is more than can be said of us.

BELLAMY (bowing elaborately): I crave your pardon. I am Captain Bellamy, attached to the staff of General Sir John Clavering, Member of Council.

WILKINS (returning the bow as elaborately): And I, sir, am Edgar Wilkins, Esquire, Writer under the Honourable Company—at your service.

BELLAMY: Well, sir, now that we are acquainted, how come you to be dressed as I am?

WILKINS: I was about to ask you, sir,—how and why you have come to imitate me?

BELLAMY (loudly): I imitate no man, sir, I resent the imputation.

WILKINS: I made no imputation, sir. I paid you a compliment.

BELLAMY (his hand to his sword): Enough, sir. I must trouble you for a plain answer to a plain question. . . .

WILKINS (interrupting): And I deny your right to it. . . .

HASTINGS

BELLAMY: . . . Or take the consequences.
WILKINS: Where and when you will.

At this point the curtains at the ballroom entrance part, and Lieutenant Arthur Finch, a naval officer, young, middle-sized and dressed exactly like the other two, emerges. Seeing them glaring at each other, he quizzes them and roars with laughter. He turns to an invisible party in the ballroom and beckons. Then, still laughing loudly, he steps forward and intervenes between the two rival exquisites. At sight of him they both fall back in astonishment. The onlookers join in the laughter at their expense.

FINCH: (dramatically): 'Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them!' Sink me if this is not the greatest whimsy in the world! There is no occasion to quarrel, gentlemen. In me behold a victim equally with yourselves. And here come three more brothers in misfortune.

He waves his hand in the direction of the ballroom as the curtains part, giving egress to three dandies got up exactly like himself, Wilkins and Bellamy. The three newcomers bow with sardonic and elaborate politeness to the others, who return the salutation. There are now six men in the centre of the stage, all dressed alike in their fantastic pea-green uniform. Finch takes charge of the proceedings.

FINCH: "The cry is Still they come!" I dare swear we shall have a round dozen who have been smoked and held up to ridicule.

BELLAMY: What the devil does all this mean?

FINCH (coolly): I means, sir, that you and I are no wiser than we look. Am I to suppose that a man of your years and status has gotten himself up like a popinjay merely to be stared at, or that you have done so in order to gratify a lady's whim?

BELLAMY: You are at liberty to suppose the latter.

FINCH: I thought as much. And you, sir, (to Wilkins)?

WILKINS: I am in like case—and if the five of you have been bitten in the same way and by the same young lady, I renounce the sex for ever.

FINCH: A sensible resolve. But why, sir, attach conditions to it?

BELLAMY: Now who is it that has played this trick on us?

A YOUNG WRITER: Need you ask, sir? 'Tis sure the fair Miss Sanderson.

FINCH (severely): Have the goodness to mind your own business. Any man may be fooled by a woman, but to be smoked by a boy is another matter.

WILKINS: The murder is out. I was fool enough to think that I alone was privileged to wear her colours to-night.

THE OTHERS (in chorus): So was I.

FINCH: It is useless to probe further. We have all been limed and taken. Let me only be revenged on her and then, sir (to Wilkins) I will follow your example and turn hermit—till the next time!

There is a stir R, and voices are heard from the wings crying "Way for Miss Sanderson! Room for the belle

Persons in the Play

| | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| WARREN HASTINGS | First Governor-General of India |
| PHILIP FRANCIS | Member of Council |
| MAJ.-GENERAL SIR JOHN CLAVERING | " " |
| COL. THE HON. GEORGE MONSON | " " |
| RICHARD BARWELL | " " |
| JOHN MACPHERSON | Hastings' Successor |
| MAHARAJAH NUNDKUMAR | |
| GEORGE FRANCIS GRAND | |
| SIR ELIJAH IMPEY | Chief Justice of Supreme Court |
| SIR ROBERT CHAMBERS... | Judge of Supreme Court |
| SIR JOHN DAY | Advocate-General |
| ALEXANDER MACRABIE ... | Francis' Brother-in-law |
| FRANCIS DIBDIN | Writer, E.I. Company |
| CHARLES SUMNER | " " |
| EDGAR WILKINS | " " |
| CAPT. GERVASE BELLAMY | Sir John Clavering's Staff |
| LIEUT. ARTHUR FINCH ... | Royal Navy |
| MAJOR PALMER | Private Secy. to Hastings |
| CAPT. SANDS | Aide-de-Camp " " |
| MR. DALLAS | Hastings' Counsel |
| MR. LAW | " " |
| MR. PLOMER | " " |
| THE LORD CHANCELLOR | LADY DAY |
| (Lord Loughborough) | LADY CHAMBERS |
| COL. HENRY WATSON | MADAM D'ARBLAY |
| COLONEL PEARSE | MRS. CHOLMONDELEY |
| DR. CAMPBELL | MRS. BOSCAWEN |
| EDMUND BURKE | LADY SARAH MANDEVILLE |
| H.R.H. GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES | MRS. TIMMINS |
| DUKE OF NORFOLK | THE AYAH |
| MRS. GRAND | LADY IMPEY |
| MRS. HASTINGS | LADY CLAVERING |
| MISS BETTY SANDERSON | LADY ANNE MONSON |
| MRS. FAY | RICHARD BRINSLEY |
| MISS GOLDBORNE | SHERIDAN |
| | MR. WINDHAM |
| Serjeant-at-Arms, Garter King-at-Arms, Peers' Heralds, Ushers, Writers, Chobdars, Sepoys, (Hookahbards, Chuprassies, etc.) | (Most parts to be duplicated.) |

of Calcutta." The young writers and the pea-green masqueraders turn R as Miss Betty Sanderson, the reigning toast, enters. She is attended by her fiancé, the Hon. Richard Barwell, Member of Council, and by several other admirers to whom the fact of her betrothal is as yet unknown. Her costume is a French frock of pea-green taffeta over an underskirt of pink satin, trimmed with chained lace and spangles. 'Tis evident at a glance that the half dozen blades in green have all adopted her colours.

At the sight of her six admirers, Miss Sanderson at first checks, and then moves forward with an arch smile. She is a typical English beauty. She wears her brown hair without powder and carries herself with the easy grace of a woman who has the world at her feet.

Richard Barwell is a man of about thirty-five, commonplace and over-dressed, with costly jewels sparkling on his hands, cravat and shoe buckles. He is a staunch supporter of Hastings, the Governor-General, in Council against Francis and his party.

As Miss Sanderson and Mr. Barwell approach the ballroom Finch steps forward in front of his fellow-victims and makes Miss Sanderson a sweeping bow, which she returns with an elaborate curtsy.

FINCH: Give you joy, madam. We, your adorers, having donned your livery, now await your commands.

MISS SANDERSON (vivaciously): My commands are, sir, that you and they discard this absurd dress for something more rational. Do you wish to make me quite ridiculous?

FINCH: Why, madam, 'twould be only tit for tat. You sure have made us look foolish enough.

MISS SANDERSON: How, sir? 'Tis true I told you all singly how I proposed to dress to-night. But how should I suppose that any one of you, still less six grown men, would mock me thus?

BARWELL: Miss Sanderson has reason, sir. This masquerade is an insult.

BELLAMY (*truculently*): By what right does Mr. Barwell pronounce judgment in this matter?

BARWELL: By the best of all possible rights, sir. Miss Sanderson has done me the honour to promise me her hand in marriage.

Bellamy subsides. There is an excited buzz both among the masqueraders and the young civilians. Then Finch takes charge again.

FINCH: I give you joy, madam. We are your humble servants. All we can now ask is to be permitted to retire in good order. But first we claim a privilege. We must escort you to the ball room and grace your triumph.

MISS SANDERSON (*welcoming the plan*): What does my Mr. Barwell say? Sure 'tis the neatest compliment.

BARWELL: As you will, my dear.

Finch turns to the other five and by force of his personality arranges them in two rows with drawn swords to form an arch for Miss Sanderson and Barwell. Barwell, with a bow, takes her hand and with her passes under the arch and so into the ballroom. The curtains are drawn aside by the hobdars, the six masqueraders fall in behind as an escort. The young civilians follow, all except Dibdin and Sumner. A burst of applause is heard as the curtains fall to again.

DIBDIN (*throwing himself down on a couch on R of the entrance to the ball room*): Well, Charles, you are the latest arrival from England. What think you of our Calcutta macaronis?

SUMNER: Faith, Frank, there's not a pin to choose between them and those in London. But why does everyone give the other joy when they meet?

DIBDIN: Why? Because they find themselves alive! What with ague and putrid flux some hundreds of us die, my boy, with every rainy season. And the custom is for those who are left alive to foregather here at the beginning of the cold weather, and congratulate each other.

A stir without, the pawing of horses, the clash of muskets and maces on the ground, amidst cries of "Make way for the Governor!"

DIBDIN (*springing to his feet*): As I live, here comes the Governor-General himself—and Mrs. Hastings—with you and me and no one else to receive them! So much the better, Charles. I will present you.

Enter R. WARREN HASTINGS, first Governor-General of India, and Mrs. Hastings, preceded by Major Palmer, Private Secretary, and Captain Sands, aide-de-camp; both tall men in uniform; their height emphasises the shortness of the Governor-General.

Warren Hastings is under the middle height. He is dressed in a blue coat heavily frogged with gold, white satin knee breeches, a long flowered white satin waistcoat and a high stock with lace at neck and wrists. His brown hair is worn long, but is not tied in a queue. His face, with its keen blue eyes, strong straight nose and resolute mouth, has a pensive expression in repose. In animation it is capable of great kindness or sternness. Small and unobtrusive as he seems, he radiates strength and dignity.

Mrs. Hastings is slightly taller than her husband,



Warren Hastings

—National Portrait Gallery.

pretty and vivacious, with brown eyes and a profusion of auburn hair worn in natural ringlets. She scorns paint and powder, and is dressed in simple muslin, with a sovereign contempt for the fashions of the day. But she is overloaded with jewels. She has the dignity inseparable from character.

As the little procession nears the entrance to the ballroom, Dibdin and Sumner both bow low. Hastings stops and addresses Dibdin.

HASTINGS: Give you joy, Mr. Dibdin. Are you also a latecomer?

DIBDIN (*respectfully*): Give you joy, sir. And you, madam. May I present to Your Excellencies my cousin, Charles Sumner, a newly joined recruit to the Company's service, who arrived by the *Cleopatra* yesterday?

Hastings shakes Sumner by the hand. Sumner bows, and, as Mrs. Hastings extends her hand, he bends over it and raises it to his lips.

HASTINGS: Welcome to Bengal, Mr. Sumner. Gad, sir, I envy you. 'Tis near thirty years since I first landed. I only wish I could live them over again.

MRS. HASTINGS: But not the last three years, my Hastings—surely not the last three years, my love?

HASTINGS: Why, my dear, they have had their trials; but don't forget their compensations. There was you, my Marian—

MRS. HASTINGS (*tapping him with her fan*): La, Mr. Hastings, you'll make me the vainest creature! Let us get forward and see what the dancers are doing. Bring your cousin to supper with us to-morrow, Mr. Dibdin; but take care that he is not led to play cards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

MR. LADISLAS FARAGO is a Hungarian journalist on the staff of the American Associated Press and as he has a gift for languages his various assignments have taken him to every country in Europe, to Turkey and the Near East and also to the United States.

On the news of the Wal Wal incident reaching Europe he was despatched on a special mission of investigation to Abyssinia. There he spent three months, going first to Addis Ababa to interview the Negus and the political leaders and thereafter visiting Harrar, Jijiga, the scene of the Italian-Abyssinian fighting in the Ogaden country and the Blue Nile area in the North.

As he is so recent a traveller in Abyssinia his impressions of the people and the country have considerable interest, and the discriminating reader will, of course, realise that when it comes to occasional comments on certain aspects of the Italian-Abyssinian dispute, Mr. Farago's sources of information are obviously one-sided.

Of the Abyssinian army, as he saw it, Mr. Farago remarks that it contains fine fighting material, but is seriously lacking in equipment and ammunition. There is a small amount of light artillery, but only one really big gun. It was rumoured that Abyssinia had ordered 200 aeroplanes from a European Power, but "it is still waste of breath to discuss this air force." The number of men mobilised in the northern and southern provinces at the time of his visit was put at over 300,000 men, but "the military efficiency of the soldiers is doubtful."

The Way of the Ethiopian

Abyssinian politics, Mr. Farago says, "are a mass of intrigues."

"Opinions are only expressed through third parties. Political assassinations such as we have in Europe are unknown, but if arguments do not convince, the poison of a kind of cactus, indigenous in this land, is employed. A supper invitation is sent out and the highly seasoned dishes that are set before the guest contain the necessary potion. The Emperor knows these tricks and employs a highly-paid Swiss cook, who must partake of all food sent to his table. When he goes into the country he is escorted by armoured cars."

Dissension in the Royal Family

The Negus has banished his eldest son, the Crown Prince as Governor of the remote and unimportant province of Dessye.

"This dispute between father and son may cause bloodshed in the future, if Abyssinia remains an independent State, for, while the Emperor is keeping his eldest son in secret exile, he is paving the way for little Prince Makonnen to succeed to the throne. Prince Makonnen is just fourteen, and even the sworn followers of the Emperor are taking sides in the struggle between him and Prince Asfou Wossen."

Art and the Soviet

"Borzoï" is Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Autobiography. It is the story of the Russian dancer Igor Schwezoff.

Born in 1940 of a military family that boasted many generations of Generals he seemed hardly destined for the career that was subsequently to be his. But the Russian Revolution cut across all family prejudices and traditions; the main problem for every Russian was how to live.

Igor Schwezoff had to get a job, not merely for the wages that went with it, but for the privileges attached to it in the way of extra food. So he became a railway clerk for a time, and then a dance evening at the Schicksaal school fired him with the ambition of becoming a professional dancer.

"Borzoï" is the nickname he was given because of his resemblance to that graceful, "slender and aristocratic" breed of dogs.

His indifference to communist doctrine was in time to be interpreted by his enemies as downright antipathy and so he was forced to leave Russia. And the conclusion he reaches towards the end of his book is that communism and art go ill together.

"A communistic artist is a contradiction in terms, for an artist is an artist only by virtue of his intensified individualism. . . . How many of Russia's great artists of the present day—in spite of all their protestations—care two pence, two kopeks, about Communism—or about anything else, except their own success and progress in their beloved art?"

Woman Spy on the Allied Side

Louise de Bettignies was an unpaid spy who worked for the Allies in Belgium during the Great War under the name of Alice Dubois. She was enlisted in the British Secret Service and organised a large and highly efficient corps of couriers and spies in the occupied areas. She was eventually caught by the German secret police and condemned to death. Her sentence was subsequently commuted to life imprisonment and she died in a prison near Cologne. Major Thomas Coulson tells the story of her exciting and perilous adventures in "The Queen of Spies."

SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS

"Abyssinia on the Eve," by Ladislav Farago (with four maps and 64 illustrations, Putnam, 10/6).

"Borzoï," by Igor Schwezoff (Hodder & Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Autobiography, with photographic and decorative illustrations, the latter by David Grey, 9/6).

"The Queen of Spies" (Louise de Bettignies, alias Alice Dubois), by Major Thomas Coulson (Constable, 7/6).

THE LONDON ASSOCIATION OF CERTIFIED ACCOUNTANTS

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The half-yearly

Preliminary, Intermediate and Final Examinations

will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 3rd, 4th and 5th December next, in London, Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth and Sheffield.

Entries should be received on or before the 1st October. Further particulars may be obtained

★ from the offices of the Association at 50, ★ Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Patriot Takes the Lead

TO LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

MADAM,—It was a tonic to read the respective messages exchanged between Il Duce and yourself.

You summed up the situation *in precis*. Subversive propaganda is being persistently broadcast from Moscow. Our politicians cannot but fail to see the handwriting on the wall. The admission of Russia into the Councils of the League of Nations, with Litvinoff now acting as chairman, is a travesty of justice, and, unless Britain has the courage to break away, she is courting disaster.

Whether we shall be able to hold our vast territories is a problem that destiny alone can decide. We are a divided house, and we know what happens when a house is divided against itself; hence it is refreshing to see a woman take the lead, imbued with that spirit of patriotism which distinguished the "Maid" of old, to take up the cudgels and save her country from eventual extinction; and I feel certain the great majority of women in this country will sympathise with and follow your ideals.

Countries like Japan, Germany and Italy must and will find territories for their surplus populations. A world-wide war is inevitable in the future; hence the only sane policy is for Britain to stand aloof as long as she can.

A greatly increased Army, Navy and Air Force will go a long way towards solving the unemployment problem, and save the soul of this nation, which is becoming restless through idleness and inaction. The dole is undermining the morale of thousands, and even sport is rapidly becoming corrupt.

Mussolini—wisest man of this generation—foresaw all this, took time by the forelock, and countered the Bolshevik menace, not only in Italy, but in Europe. No wonder Lenin on his deathbed declared, "We have lost our greatest man in Mussolini." Time has proved his prophecy to be correct. Reviewing history, it is very significant that when Rome fell in fighting power, she rose in art, poetry, painting, sculpture, music, architecture, engineering, electricity, and the Sciences; and, like their ancestors, the Italians are still supreme in road building. The average Englishman, woefully ignorant of these historical facts, is apt to treat the Italian with contempt.

At times patriots like yourself must feel like a voice crying in the wilderness, but you have a mission to perform, and I feel sure that you will overcome all obstacles and eventually achieve the object you have in view. It is a most grievous and regrettable thing that we should, through lack of statesmanship, be led into a quarrel with an old friend like Italy, especially as we have so many enemies who make no secret of their desire to drag down and destroy the British Empire.

Unless we keep out of this quarrel, it may well happen that the descendants of the greatest Empire of all time may be the cause of the dissolution of the biggest Empire of all time; that is how I visualise it, if we fail to read the handwriting on the wall. C. W. BANNISTER.

Mr. Lansbury's Conscience

SIR,—Mr. Lansbury has stood in the pulpit to exhort Christian leaders to unite in trying to persuade Mussolini to hold his hand. He tells us what we all know, that war is a horrid business and very wicked. But he forgets that it is not the bloodshed that is wicked, but the motive.

There is bloodshed by other judicial processes: there is bloodshed every day upon English roads. Mr. Lansbury is not in the forefront of those who object to all this. War is only one of the several ways to impose one will upon another; as I have said, there are other ways not so "messy," but still "war."

Mr. Lansbury a short time ago, and then again more recently, gloatingly reminded the King of the judicial murder of one of His Majesty's predecessors. So apparently it is not bloodshed which offends Mr. Lansbury: that is tolerable in the cause of revolution or "democracy."

I have not noticed that Mr. Lansbury has protested against the murder of 1½ millions of Russians or of hundreds of Christians in Mexico. Now Mr. Lansbury is imploring the Pope to head a Christian crusade and form another "Holy Alliance" to coerce Italy. But why has he waited so long? Mr. Lansbury's supporters rejected that idea after the war, when its adoption might have saved the situation. F. R. LEE.

23, St. James Square,
Bath.

Training Air-minded Youths

SIR,—The Air Ministry Contracts Department disposes of a very large number of obsolete and crashed aero engines every year. The contractors who purchase these, more often than not, have no other use for them than to hit them hard with a sledge-hammer. I have asked the Air Ministry to grant me as many of these engines as might be required from time to time for the purpose of putting them to the following use:

To place them in elementary and secondary schools throughout the country and, with the aid of competent ex-Royal Air Force men, to give voluntary free Aeronautical Engineering instruction to boys between the ages of 12 and 15 years after school hours.

I aim to create a national trust fund for this purpose and to assist boys in poor circumstances by making grants to enable them to carry on with their studies after leaving school.

Local education authorities will be invited to co-operate, and I believe no difficulty will be experienced in obtaining their wholehearted support and assistance.

An important feature of the scheme will be to keep an accurate record of each lad's progress, and create an agency department to which employers will have access when requiring trained youths. I am told that there is a serious shortage of aero-mechanics.

A vast patriotic scheme of this nature obviously cannot be launched nation-wide at the commencement; but must be started experimentally. As experience is gained it becomes a comparatively simple matter to expand. The centre I have chosen is Kingston-upon-Thames, where I have pursued most of my investigations.

A considerable amount of spade work has been done; but there is far more yet to do. I, therefore, appeal most earnestly to all who have Britain's future greatness in the air at heart to give careful thought to this matter and a helping hand to the Air-Minded Youth of Britain upon whom we all rely eventually to establish and uphold our Air Supremacy. A. REGINALD DOBSON,

Organising Secretary,
British League of Air-Minded Youth.

"Form a Taxpayers' Association"

SIR,—Having read Mr. Philip H. Bayer's letter under the above heading in your correspondence columns of August 24th, 1935, I feel that this demand will be considered by the majority of direct taxpayers, partly from the spirit in which it is written, as one of the most useful suggestions put forward. Such an association would very likely become a great power, and so largely assist in the upholding of our Empire.

Unfortunately, it strikes me that we, as a whole, lack the energy to carry out our worthy principles, however clearly they may be placed before our eyes; therefore, if others hold the same views as your correspondent, which many cannot fail to do, they should get together and form an active body at once.

It is quite possible for people with very little brains to know what is right. So, if someone, nicely endowed with that commodity, would be good enough to plan the order, we should soon get the guns working, and join in with Lady Houston in her fight for right and a true British Conservatism. W. P. JEFFCOCK (Capt.).

Upper House Farm, Eastnor, nr. Ledbury.

CORRESPONDENCE

Restrict Norwegian Herrings

SIR,—The Royal Decree recently published in Norway extending the territorial waters for fishing purposes to a four-mile limit outside an imaginary line joining certain remote islands along the Norwegian coast will deprive British trawl fishermen of hundreds of square miles of valuable fishing grounds.

My Association is of the opinion that if the British Government cannot induce Norway to cancel this decree and conform to the universally recognised three-mile limit, it might retaliate by reducing the present Norwegian import quota of 500,000 cwt. of winter herrings to 200,000 cwt. This would give a much needed incentive to our herring fishermen to re-open and carry on the winter herring fishery on the West Coast of Scotland, as was done prior to the excessive dumping of herrings by Norway into this country, at uneconomic prices, in pre-war years.

Now that our Government is advised by a strong Herring Industry Board (as is Norway by a similar body) this question could be taken up with considerable advantage to better the conditions of thousands of share fishermen who are compelled under present conditions to live in a state of semi-starvation between the autumn and early summer fishings.

A. BECKETT, Secretary,
The English Herring Catchers' Association.
Ocean View, 28 Suffolk Rd., Lowestoft.

Thousands Want to Know

SIR,—According to *Whitaker's Almanack*, the Archbishop of York receives nine thousand pounds a year from the English State Church. Is he paid this sum to preach the dismemberment of the Empire, as he did in his wireless address on Sunday, September 1st?

I. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

The English-Speaking Union,
Dartmouth House,
37, Charles St., Berkeley Sq., W.1.

Empire Correspondence

MADAM,—Feeling assured that all that affects the Unity and the Stability of the Empire can find a sympathetic response in the *Saturday Review*, may I ask for a little space to put forward the aims and ideals of the "Links of Empire." This Society was founded nearly 10 years ago to promote friendship and comradeship, by means of correspondence, throughout the world wherever the British Flag flies.

We believe that it is only by warm-hearted and sincere personal contact that we can retain the Unity that is absolutely essential for the safety of the future. From very small beginnings we now number over 21,000 and every day adds to that number. But our pressing need is more help from this side. The response from Overseas is overwhelming and, surely if our people at home realised what they could do to help their country simply by undertaking to write say a monthly or a fortnightly letter to some fellow citizen who only asks for friendship, they would eagerly undertake this small act in view of the wonderful results that can be attained and the immense benefit it brings to both sides. It is indeed "twice blessed, it blesseth him who gives and him who takes."

There are many correspondence Clubs; but in the Links we specialise on bringing the Links together who are especially suited to each other's needs, the same sex, age, tastes—all are studied with the result that there are few failures and many successes. They are non-sectarian and non-political. "For God, King and Empire" is the banner we fly, and we strive to realise that we are indeed the "One Family" that our Gracious King has pointed out is the Ideal we should strive for.

The urgency of our need is my best apology for taking up so much of your time and space.
C. L. BOWLING,
Hon. Sec.,
Glynn House, Sussex Rd.,
Southsea.

"Links of Empire."

Giving Away the Empire

SIR,—Great Britain's foreign ace, Captain Anthony Eden, has made a most abhorrent proposal with regards ceding a portion of British Somaliland to a foreign nation. I myself could see no advantage which Britain might have gained had the proposal been accepted. A matter of this nature, if gone through with, would have seriously affected the position of Great Britain with her Dominions and Colonies, and, further, would have tended to shatter the relationship, confidence and respect we have and owe to our Mother Country.

The Bahamas and other West Indies British Dominions and Colonies are the subject of talk throughout the United States to-day, where there is a revival of the demand for the cession of these islands to the United States in part payment of Britain's war debt: Senator James Hamilton Lewis is preparing to address the Senate on the subject in the very near future.

This subject was first brought up a decade ago, when Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States, hailed it as abominable. Great Britain made it known that she "will never sell her subjects into prohibition slavery"; she also made it clear that "Britain does not traffic in the lives and nationality of her subjects."

But she has now made these objections invalid. To quote from the "Chicago Tribune Press Service": "Two circumstances have now served to invalidate these objections. America has repealed prohibition; and the British Government, in an effort to settle the row between Italy and Ethiopia, has offered to cede a part of British Somaliland to Abyssinia. The compensation Great Britain proposes to exact for cession of territory was not revealed, but there was no blinking the fact that the British Government was ready to transfer a large territory and its inhabitants to another sovereignty for a consideration."

Will the British Government decide to hand these Islands over to the United States for war debt? This question gives cause for grave anxiety throughout the Bahamas. We feel that the time has come when we should act in self-defence, and the British Government should assure us through official channels that our integrity as British subjects under our beloved King and the Flag we honour and respect will not be jeopardised.

In conclusion I must repeat the words of a true gentleman, Charles Dickens: "The freedom of the subject and the liberty of the individual are among the first and proudest boasts of the true-hearted Englishman."

East Shirley St.

CYRIL STEVENSON.

Nassau N.P., Bahamas, B.W.I.

The Temple of Armant

SIR,—We are trying to reconstruct graphically the temple of Armant and the scenes which covered its walls. The temple was destroyed during the latter half of the 19th century to make the foundations of a sugar factory. In 1857 Francis Frith took at least three photographs of this temple, which were published in *Egypt and Palestine*, 1858/9, and *Egypt, Nubia and Ethiopia*, 1862. Maxime du Camp published another in *Egypte, Nubie, Palestine et Syrie*, 1852, and Félix Teynard one in *Egypte et Nubie*, 1858.

The negatives of these, or any other prints or negatives of this temple would be of the greatest assistance, and we should be extremely grateful to anyone who could help us in our search for them.

The temple was built by Cleopatra and was the only one standing at Armant in recent times. Armant is variously spelt Armant (correct), Erment, Ermant and Hermonthis.

OLIVER H. MYERS.

Egypt Exploration Society,
200, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

The Deadly Mosquito

By R. L. Megroz

VERY few, if any, living creatures, can be so widespread in their incidence upon the earth's surface as the mosquito. About a hundred genera are known, of which there are something like 1,500 species which can, between them, cover every possible variety of country, from tropical jungles to Arctic tundras.

That the mosquito is a blood-sucking insect makes it a pest anyhow, but this habit, which is confined almost entirely to the female, becomes a deadly danger because of the mosquito's ability to transfer from the blood of one creature certain parasites that may be active in it, to the blood of the next creature to be bitten.

I have used the word "creature" because mosquitoes are not limited to mankind for their blood meals. There are species which bite birds, and others which bite animals, and the commonest of the known diseases carried by mosquitoes—malaria—exists in special forms in birds and animals. A common dog disease also is carried by some mosquitoes. It has not been shown definitely, I think, that mosquitoes that suck the blood of an animal will then go to a human being, or can transmit avian or animal malaria or other diseases to human beings.

Even without this versatility—which might wipe out humanity—the comparatively few species of mosquitoes which carry human malaria made a

good third of the earth uninhabitable to man, and according to one of the authorities, ensure a regular total of some 200,000,000 (two hundred million) malarious persons.

Anyhow, more than a million people die in India alone every year of malaria, where stubborn opposition for a long time met attempts to apply the results of the late Sir Ronald Ross's discovery on August 20, 1897, of malaria parasites in the tissues of an anopheline mosquito. The former "White Man's Grave" of West Africa, the Panama Zone, parts of the Malay States (including the Singapore region) and other important areas formerly disease-ridden but now made healthy and safe by destroying the mosquitos at the breeding seasons; such object-lessons and the repeated failures of quinine and other drugs as means of coping with any epidemic, have left the teachings of Ross and his disciples virtually unchallengeable.

Nevertheless the governmental apathy in dealing with this problem, against which Ross spoke and wrote candidly for half a life-time, remains with us to-day, and the fact that the 38th anniversary of the date that Ross himself entitled "Mosquito Day" occurred recently ought to stimulate a fresh impulse of public opinion.

The epidemic in Ceylon last winter, which was followed by a high mortality due to dysentery and pneumonia, and then famine, decimated the population and half ruined the country, merely because the comparatively modest expense of anti-mosquito work was not undertaken.





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The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY. Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA. Dumfriesshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE. Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH. NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel, Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END. Bucks. — The Spade Cak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. — Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL. Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 34 to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON. Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 44 gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS. Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD. OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS. Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

BUTTERMERE. via Cockermouth. — Victoria Golf Hotel. Bed., 37; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 and 15/- per day. Golf, own private links. Fishing, boating.

CALENDER. Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 34 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYNDERWEN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE. Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON. ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWDERY. CORNWALL. — Sea View, Bed., 9. Annex 5. Pens., from 34 gns. W.E., from 35/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

DUIVERTON. Som. (border of Devon) — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, Managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

ELY. Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2/15/- Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- Boating.

FALMOUTH. Cornwall. — The Manor House, Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW. W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/- Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW. C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, 110. Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN. Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE. East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON. Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/- Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE. Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE. Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel. High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK. English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns., 6 gns. season. W.E. fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN. — Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LANRWYD WELLS. Central Wales. — Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum. £4 15/- W.E., 30/- Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE. Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalnally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2459. Pens., 24 to 3 gns.

GOKE HOTEL. 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 34 gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL. 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Terr. 5590. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA. 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 34 gns. to 44 gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel. Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel. St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 44 gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH. Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/- Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH. N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE. N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- W.E., £1 7/- Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 38/- Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/- 5 hard courts. Golf on estate. Fishing.

NEWTON STEWART. Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON. Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM. Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/8; Din., 6/- Golf.

PADSTOW. Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON. DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH. Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/- Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 34 gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH. Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK. WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £3. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND. Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON. Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/- Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYRE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 5. Pens., 34 gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY. Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 24/- Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Fordminster.

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REDLANDS Hotel, 9, Leinster Gardens, W.2. Tel.: Padd. 7543. Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 3/-. Garden.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington, Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 54, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

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TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis, golf.

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THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Empire and Foreign Affairs

The British Team in Doubt

By G. Delap Stevenson

IN the present international crisis how far can the British Empire be counted on to play as a team? Before the Great War the Dominions were minors in foreign affairs; though they might consult together in private, it was Great Britain alone who spoke to the world on behalf of the whole Empire. To-day, however, each Dominion is a separate international entity which makes contacts of its own with foreign countries.

During the last fifteen years the Dominions have been anxious to make themselves felt and to gain prestige in the world outside the Empire. They have succeeded, but if in a time of crisis such as this their greater individual importance results in disunion, it will be a dangerous thing for them all and for England. If, however, they can really act together and play as a team, the prestige of each adds to the strength of the whole. Whether unity or disunity will triumph will be shown in the next few years, and the present crisis over Abyssinia is perhaps the beginning of the test.

Pride and Prejudice

The Imperial War Cabinet, when statesmen from all the Dominions came to London and took an active part in the direction of the war, might be considered as the opening of a new era. From the War Cabinet it was a natural step to the Peace Conference, the first big international affair in which the Dominions had ever been separately represented. The Peace Conference formed the League of Nations, and the Dominions became members, each taking the status of a nation.

The next thing was, how would the Dominions use their powers? Immediately after the war there had seemed to be a movement for close union in foreign affairs. Soon, however, divergent interests and the pride of local independence made themselves felt. There was a certain tendency, particularly on the part of the Irish Free State and South Africa, to play up in public and put great emphasis on membership of the League as against membership of the Empire. The Free State registered the Anglo-Irish treaty with the League Secretariat, though England protested that it was an Imperial and not an international matter. Later on, over the annuities, the Free State was again to demand international as against Imperial arbitration.

Separatism also developed apart from animosities. Over both Chanak and the Japanese alliance the Empire was divided. The Dominions had

their own representatives at the Washington Conference, while at Locarno they had no representatives but were specially excluded from the obligations undertaken by Great Britain. Canada led the way, followed by the Free State and South Africa, in arranging for her own plenipotentiaries abroad. Australia and New Zealand have so far contented themselves with trade commissioners, but those recently appointed to the Far East by Australia have semi-diplomatic functions. The Imperial Conferences of 1923 and 1926 formulated the position as to treaties. Each part of the Empire could make its own treaties, which committed no other part, though the other parts had to be informed so that they could judge whether their interests were affected.

Meanwhile, the Dominions were making places for themselves. Australia, South Africa and New Zealand all administer League mandates. It is now an unwritten rule that a Dominion should have a seat on the Council as well as Great Britain. Australia at present holds this position, and Canada and the Irish Free State preceded her. Canada's French Canadian representative was at one time very active over the question of minorities, while different Dominions have concerned themselves with various League committees. In every way the Dominions have emerged as individual forces in international affairs. But is it to the good?

Australia's New Treasurer

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

IN relinquishing the Treasurership which he has hitherto held jointly with the Prime Ministership, Mr. J. A. Lyons is giving the reward for two years of excellent work to one of the most able of the younger members of the Australian Cabinet.

Mr. R. G. Casey, who becomes Treasurer and is elevated to full Cabinet rank, has been Assistant Treasurer since 1933. Particularly in the past twelve months, with the Prime Minister absent from Australia from February to August, Mr. Casey has carried the full burden of the Treasury without the appropriate Cabinet rank.

Mr. Casey is well known in Whitehall. Working from the Cabinet Secretariat, he was Australia's liaison officer in foreign affairs from 1927 to 1931, and would undoubtedly have progressed far in diplomacy had he not decided to enter politics.

Returning to Australia, he contested Corio for the United Australia Party after the fall of the Scullin Cabinet in 1931. Now, after less than four years in Parliament, he has

attained to one of the chief Cabinet posts.

Though his diplomatic training in Canberra and London had suggested that his political advancement might come through the Department of External Affairs, Mr. Casey, who is 45, quickly showed an aptitude for finance. His lucid statements of financial policy have been a feature of his work since he succeeded Sir Walter Massy-Greene as Assistant Treasurer.

Probably none of Mr. Casey's friends is more gratified at his promotion than Mr. S. M. Bruce, the Australian High Commissioner in London, who, when Prime Minister, was quick to encourage the new Treasurer's talents. Mr. Bruce's first Cabinet rank was that of Treasurer; indeed, there is a close parallel between the careers of Mr. Bruce and Mr. Casey. The former, in becoming Prime Minister at forty, made the more spectacular advance.

Co-operation

Both are Victorians and sturdy Australians; both were educated at Cambridge and have, in consequence, had to bear the reproaches of the less wide-visioned of their countrymen that they are "pro-English." Both served at Gallipoli and in France, both reached the rank of Major, both patronised the same clubs and adopted the same political allegiance. Mr. Bruce has—for the time being, at any rate—finished with party politics, but he has seen ample reward for the faith he placed in this strong personality of like manner and environment.

They will, in one respect, continue to work in close co-operation, for the completion of the large loan conversion programme handled so successfully by Mr. Bruce in London will, naturally, depend for its continued reduction of Australia's interest bill upon the domestic achievements of the new Treasurer.

Mr. Casey enters upon his new task with the tide turning in Australia's favour and with Federal finances out of the mire. His heaviest problem will be to meet the demands of West Australia, South Australia and Tasmania for more assistance without lessening the authority of the Commonwealth in the financial sphere.

Empire Visitors Wanted

Another "See Britain" Campaign?

DOMINION and Colonial offices in London spend tens of thousands of pounds a year over here in advertising the attractions of their countries.

Great Britain, apart from private enterprise such as is shown by the railways and steamship companies,

spends something under £4,000 per annum on advertising her attractions.

This appalling situation was pointed out by a South African this week. He had just arrived in London from Ostend.

"Ostend was packed," he told me, "and out of curiosity I asked how many foreign visitors they had during August. The reply was 120,000.

"When I arrived in London I asked the Travel Association how many overseas visitors came to England in August.

"The answer was, only about 60,000!"

On close analysis it is found that less than 9,500 of these 60,000 visitors came from the Empire. Most of them were on brief holidays from the Continent.

Further, Britain's adverse trade balance as far as tourists are concerned is £20,000,000 per annum—a gigantic sum and an invaluable "invisible export" lost!

However, at last the British resorts, spas and beauty spots are, to some measure, collaborating, and within the next two years all the Empire will be made fully aware of the attractions England has to offer.

Plans being made include Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India, the West Indies, and many of the Colonies.

Advertising will, it is hoped, bring to the Old Country not only those who wish to make the visit for sentimental reasons, but those who are persuaded that England is still an ideal country for a 1936 holiday.

Word-Making in South Africa

THE influence of the mining camp, the transport wagon, distorted Afrikaans and native languages is evident to-day in many of the terms used freely by all grades of South African society, who have adopted words and phrases that would not be understood in England or even America. Many of these words are hardly what they seem, for remarkable results are often obtained by study of their etymology.

Words like "calabash," "kraal" and "sjambok," among the commoner South African words accepted by the English-speaking world in general, are widely considered to be of native origin, but the student of words knows that the first two are derived from Portuguese sources and the last from Persian. "Calabash" is the Portuguese term for pumpkin, and "curral" slurred provides "kraal." In Persia a whip or a scourge is known as a "chabouk," which in South Africa has become "sjambok" and in East Africa "kiboko." In South Africa all natives are known colloquially as "kafirs," a purely Arabic word.

When demanding a present or a tip, most South African children use the word "bansella," which is re-

garded also as another term for discount among Indian and other traders of that type. It is derived from the pure Zulu term for "to give to." Contact with the white races has, on the other hand, added many words to Bantu languages, for they had no means of describing the novel ways of these light-skinned people. Most of these new words are clever reproductions of the sounds made by the things they wish to describe.

When rockets were first used for tribal warfare by British troops, this seeming bolt from the blue was given a sibilant name of Z's and S's that after going through several minor mutations became a word that only the native tongue can click out. It was the same with aeroplanes and machine-guns. "Estamela" came with the railway and is derived simply from steam. It is used indiscriminately to describe the engine, the coaches, the tickets, the journey, and all other features of railway travel.

"Voort Seg Ik"

South Africa has various names for peculiar foods. Perhaps the most famous of these are those salted and sun-dried strips of meat known as "biltong." This is taken from the Dutch "bil" for buttock and "tong" for tongue. Numerous words of Dutch origin are used commonly in South Africa. The well-known American "boss" was taken to the New World by the New Amsterdam settlers, but it is still used in South Africa in the original form, and that is "baas." As an expletive "voet-zak" is used by almost every person in South Africa. This is a corruption of the Dutch "voort seg ik," or "away I say."

Foxlike cunning and cleverness is generally known in South Africa as "slimness," a term that is cognate with the German "schlimm" or bad. This use of the word does not seem to be confined to South Africa, for at one time in some of the eastern counties of England identical employment was given to it:

South African fish have been named by their habits and appearance. The Cape salmon is known in Afrikaans and generally as "geel-bek," the yellow jaw of the fish being the obvious explanation, just as silverfish and sturgeon reveal why they have been so named. The "galjoen" (galleon) is supposed to derive its name from a resemblance to that type of ship, but not even by the widest stretch of imagination could an affinity be found between the two. That fish and galleons belong to the sea can be the only explanation. Stockfish is an exception to the rule of habits or appearance. Most authorities hold that this fish was named after the Dutch custom of beating it well with a stick ("stok") before cooking it. Klipvis, on the other hand, is so termed because generally found among the coastal rocks, and the fish known in English as sole is called in Afrikaans "tong-

vis," because of its well-known tongue-like character.

Among the terms originating from gold and diamond mining is "schlenter," used in connection with imitation gold or diamonds. A counterfeit diamond is generally known as a "snyde." In the old days stolen diamonds were known among the illicit buyers as "gonivahs," and this word has been traced to the Book of Exodus, "genavah" being Hebrew for a theft or a stolen article. Another South Africanism is "baby," for the machine used in sifting gravel while dry-sorting diamonds. The derivation of this term is obvious. The machine was invented by an American called Bebe.

A Ticklish Question

The commonest South Africanism is "tickey" for the threepenny piece. Some hold that the term began with the French "patac," a small coin introduced to South Africans by the Huguenots, while others believe that it comes from the native corruption of threepence, "i-tiki-penni." It has also been put forward as a corruption of sixpence, but its etymology has eluded all attempts at solution.

What New Zealand Spends in Britain

NEW ZEALAND is one of Great Britain's best customers, according to the following list of purchases per head of population for 1933:

New Zealand £6 10s. 8d.; Australia £3 6s. 8d.; Canada £1 15s. 9d.; Denmark £3 7s. 6d.; Argentina £1 2s. 7d.; Baltic States, 8s. 6d.; Russia 6d.

Mr. A. E. Mander, in the New Zealand National Review, sets out the trade position between Britain and New Zealand. All values are expressed in New Zealand currency.

New Zealand exports to Britain, year ending March, 1935: £37,879,000.

Deduct wool, etc., shipped to London and re-shipped elsewhere: £8,000,000.

Britain herself buys from New Zealand £29,879,000.

New Zealand buys from Britain (imports) £16,497,000.

New Zealand pays interest to Britain (public and private) £12,500,000.

Imports plus interest equal £28,937,000.

Per head of her population, New Zealand sells to Britain £20, buys from Britain £11, and pays £8 6s. interest.

Or again, it may be expressed: For every £100 of produce that Britain buys from New Zealand, New Zealand buys £55 worth of goods from her and pays £41 10s. interest—a total of £96 10s.

These are impressive figures, and the fact that New Zealand's trade with us is increasing yearly makes them even more satisfactory—especially when that sixpence per head of population which Russia spends with us is borne in mind.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Missionaries' Road.—II

By Professor A. P. Newton

THE discoveries in the interior of Africa that David Livingstone described to the English public in the early 'fifties excited widespread interest, and many people who were not very ready to support his proselytising work among the natives for the London Missionary Society hastened to encourage his journeys of exploration because of the scientific information they afforded. By his efforts he had succeeded in carrying the line of the Missionaries' Road right into the gateway to tropical Africa, and down it there began to trickle parcels of ivory that encouraged hopes of profitable trade in the future.

Frequent Quarrels

But Livingstone's researches did not go on uninterrupted, for he found himself impeded and hampered by his nearest white neighbours, the Boer farmers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State whose settlements lay to the east of the Road, and who had frequent quarrels with the Bechuana tribes among whom the work of the L.M.S. stations was carried on. The "emigrant farmers," as the Boers were officially called, had moved northwards from Cape Colony in the Great Trek of the years immediately following 1838 in order to escape the close control of the colonial government. Some of them settled down just beyond the Orange



Bloemfontein in 1851 at the time of the establishment of the independence of the Orange Free State

of Cape Colony were impelled to interfere. For some years control was exercised over the Boers, beyond the Orange as British subjects, and the Orange River Sovereignty was governed by a British resident from its centre at the small settlement of Bloemfontein. There was less contact with the Boers of Transvaal, and ultimately in 1852 and 1853 the British Government decided to limit its responsibilities beyond the borders of Cape Colony and to recognise the Orange Free State and the Transvaal as autonomous communities.

Accusations

This left the missionaries in their stations stretched out along the Missionaries' Road to contend with the Boer leaders for themselves, without the possibility of obtaining help from the Imperial Government. The

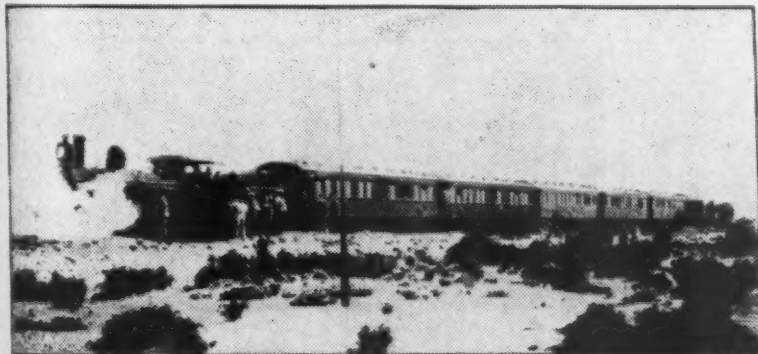
southern end of the road, and the rise of a new centre of population at Kimberley, that these difficulties became acute.

In 1883-4 a new power entered South Africa, when Germany proclaimed her protectorate over South-West Africa and formed the design of linking up her territories with those of the Transvaal so as to form a belt of non-British territory right across Africa and close all access by the Missionaries' Road to the northern interior. It was a time of most acute danger.

Luckily, however, power in Cape politics had passed into the hands of Cecil Rhodes, who, having made a vast fortune in Kimberley by his organisation of the diamond mining industry, was intimately familiar with the conditions along the old Missionaries' Road and already dreamed of carrying a railway along it into the heart of central Africa and joining the Cape to Cairo by a corridor of British territory.

Blazing the Trail

Under his pressure and inspiration the Imperial authorities were compelled to act, and when the Transvaal Boers trekked across the road and proclaimed the new independent republic of Stellaland and Goshen which blocked it, he forced them to give way and retire. The western frontier of the Transvaal was definitely delimited by the annexation of British Bechuanaland as a narrow strip through which the telegraph line first and the railway much later were carried on through Mafeking on their way to the Zambesi. The wise old King Khama, who had long been petitioning for British help against his enemies, was afforded protection, and the establishment of the Bechuanaland Protectorate finally blocked the way to foreign ambition and kept the way along the old Road clear for Rhodes' further advance to the north in the 'nineties, which added to the Empire the vast new white man's country of Rhodesia.



The Rhodesian Mail in the early days of the railway to the north

River, but others, after many wanderings, passed across the Vaal and formed a loose group of settlements in what became known as the Transvaal.

In the course of their wanderings they came into repeated conflict with the negro tribes, whose grazing lands they seized; and to clear up these troubles and avoid the dangers of far-spreading native wars the Governors

Boers accused Livingstone and his colleagues of supplying arms and ammunition to the Bechuana tribes, and for many years there were constant difficulties as isolated parties of Boers attempted to push westward from the Transvaal across the Road and to close communication from north to south along it. However, it was not until the 'seventies, after the discovery of the diamond fields at the

A Financial Standstill

By Our City Editor

THE long-drawn out Abyssinian trouble has almost brought reviving financial activity to a standstill. With the approach of the autumn a number of new issues were due for submission to public subscription. These have been indefinitely postponed and even the Corporation loans known to be pending are held in abeyance. Stock Markets, however, have remained remarkably strong, though subject to nervous spasms which might on any day spell disaster to prospects of public subscription to new issues of capital, according to the latest news from Geneva, Addis Ababa, and other centres which have come to be regarded as more important than London or New York.

But there is one heartening fact which has emerged from these adverse times; it is evident that Stock Market strength is inherent and not superficial at the present time. The weight of money awaiting investment is an even more potent factor than political news, good or bad, and though the investing public may be frightened away for a few days or even a few weeks, the slightest return of confidence brings a return of business. While, therefore, investors may care to select securities offering some prospects of a hedge in the event of international trouble, they should not substantially alter their investment policy because of temporary trouble.

Jobbers are running their books somewhat short in these days when bad news may bring liquidation, and security movements in either direction are consequently disproportionate to the amount of business passing. The latest home employment returns fully justify the belief that the upward movement in British industrials will be continued when the present period of hesitation is brought to an end.

Fixed Trust Policy

It is such uncertainties as those to which markets are at present subject that make Fixed Trusts appear an attractive medium of investment to the average member of the non-expert public. The Fixed Trusts are able to offer quite attractive yields and a considerable spread of investment risks even for small sums. But it should be borne in mind that the risk is nevertheless spread over a speculative field in most cases, and the investor should not assume that the mere spreading of his risk may not mean at some time in the future, when markets suffer some major reaction, that his capital will still remain intact.

Most of the Fixed Trusts base their investment policy on good-class Home industrials and there is no doubt that their extensive buying of such securities has had an important effect in steadying the market, for whereas a holder of a particular share might be tempted to take a profit at times when some reaction in the price seemed likely, holders of Fixed Trust certificates are first and foremost long-term investors who do not wish to be worried by consideration of Stock Market movements from day to day. Thus Sir Stanford London, Chairman of Fixed Trust Investments, Ltd., who manage a prominent group of Fixed Trusts, points out that the securities in one of the group's Trusts fell by only just over 4 per cent. during the August setback in markets, this decline being only the equivalent of that suffered by the British 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan. While this may be no criterion of events during a serious setback over a long period, it shows what can be achieved by a spread of investment risk.

Tea and Rubber Shares

During the past week or so there has been a big rise in Tea shares after a prolonged period of dullness. The Tea share market is usually "one way," i.e., the market is either all buyers or all sellers, so that the shares are difficult to obtain or to sell at quoted prices. There are often big yields available in the Tea share market, and over a long period they are by no means an unprofitable investment, but a decline from present levels seems probable in view of the recent pessimistic report of the Control Committee. The amount of Tea exported by non-regulating countries rises with the price of the commodity and the Control Scheme is too leaky to prove effective. Consolidated Tea and Lands £10 ordinary shares at 22½ yield 4 per cent. on last year's dividend basis and are one of the best shares in the list, but many of the leading £1 shares such as Jokai, Jhanzie, Doom Dooma and Budla Beta are already at levels, which fully discount dividend prospects for the current year.

Rubber shares, on the other hand, are only just recovering from a serious "shake-out," the fall in the commodity bringing in some selling of the shares from Mincing Lane "bulls" who are tired of holding such disappointing securities in the face of a continued decline in the price of Rubber. This price has been influenced far too much by the rise in United Kingdom stocks and attacks have been made in consequence upon the Regulation Scheme. But the Rubber Control is in a very different position from that of the Tea Committee and will be able to adjust the position over a long period. When at last stocks begin to disclose the true position of shorter supplies, the rise in Rubber is likely to be a sharp one. The companies will probably show poor results for the past year, in view of higher estate costs without a corresponding improvement in the commodity, but with the "bull" position now somewhat curtailed, the market is in a healthier position than for some time past for a sustained rise when the time comes.

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THEATRE NOTES

"Accent on Youth"

Globe Theatre

By Samson Raphaelson

IT is only right to say that I was bored before the final curtain descended on this uninteresting play. Age falling in love with youth, youth on its side being attracted by youth and finally returning to age is the kind of fustian for which I personally have no use.

Mr. Nicholas Hannen was supposed to have reached the ripe old age of fifty-three, and the audience was intended to consider his devotion to his young secretary rather extraordinary and exciting. As the parts were played, I saw no earthly reason why Mr. Hannen should not fall in love with Miss Garson nor why they should not be quite happy about it. I was quite obviously wrong about this because the author took three whole acts to prove to me how difficult it all was.

It says a lot for the artistry of Mr. Hannen and Miss Garson that I was still awake at eleven o'clock and perhaps I should not have been had not Mr. Archibald Batty taken his chances in an utterly preposterous part. Miss Mary Glynne, too, made a fleeting appearance as the one sane character in an unreal and tedious play.

"As Bad As I Am"

Ambassadors Theatre

IT would seem that the author of "As Bad as I Am" was determined to forestall his critics by getting an opinion of his play in print before the first night. Why this dreary and undistinguished creation—neither comedy nor farce though obviously trying to be one or the other—should have been used by Mr. Sidney Carroll for the especial purpose of exploiting that extremely talented young actress, Pamela Stanley, is beyond my comprehension. I have followed Miss Stanley's work closely during the past year and remember her outstanding achievement in portraying Queen Victoria at 18 and at 80—with each intervening decade—and can see nothing in "As Bad as I Am" to warrant the inclusion of so accomplished an artist in its cast. Mr. Jack Hobbs and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald did their utmost with the very flimsy material at their disposal, but no amount of effort on the part of any number of the greatest artists on the stage to-day—or at any time, for that matter—could have succeeded in producing bricks without even a requisite modicum of straw.

"Love's Labour Lost"

Open Air Theatre

Shakespeare

THE inclemency of the weather did not permit performance in the open-air when I saw this, the last of Mr. Sidney Carroll's productions this season at Regent's Park. Nevertheless, the small stage under cover in no wise detracted from the excellence of the production.

It must now be almost a commonplace to say that Leslie French gave the best performance, but as a fact, Leslie French as *Costard* did once again give the best performance. The more I see of this

artist the more I realise his unusual abilities. Baliol Holloway, too, was excellent as *Don Adriano de Armado*. As always, his work was finished to a degree and a joy to watch. Some admirable interpretations were contributed by Cecil Winter as the *First Lord*, D. G. Milford as *Dull* and Fewlass Llewellyn as *Holofernes* and Fay Compton's *Rosaline* was a beautiful performance. I must admit, however, that I did not care for Phyllis Neilson-Terry's interpretation of the *Princess of France*.

"Pygmalion"

Cambridge Theatre

Bernard Shaw

IT is always rather sad to watch the plays which one has enjoyed becoming "dated." One feels that one is becoming old and dull and at the same time one realises that the author is older and even duller. Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion" has now reached that stage of its existence when it should be played in costume if it is played at all. One's breath is not in these days taken away by the use of an expletive on the stage and occasional references to the British Broadcasting Corporation only serve to underline the fact that the play was written for the moment and cannot be considered as a serious contribution to British drama.

In the circumstances, Miss Margaret Rawlings did very well. She obviously enjoyed herself and carried her audience with her some of the time. Mr. Esme Percy, too, pleased the audience and acted with great gusto, but it must have been hard work breathing life into dead bones. C.S.

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CINEMA**The Triumph of Miss Grace Moore**

BY MARK FORREST

MISS MOORE has had a triumphant year over here and the immense popularity of her first picture, *One Night Of Love*, had a great deal to do with it. Her second film, *On Wings of Song*, came to the Tivoli a week ago and her many admirers will, doubtless, flock to it in the hopes of hearing her magnificent voice. They will not be disappointed, for, if there is anything upon which the director is obviously determined, it is that Miss Moore should sing. There are "Funiculi, Funicula," excerpts from *Rigoletto* and a large slice of *La Bohème*, besides one or two modern songs to satisfy them. The picture will remain at the Tivoli for a long time to come.

A Musty Flavour

Of Miss Moore's voice there is nothing new to be said; all the superlatives have long ago been employed and the recording of the film detracts nothing from its purity. Her acting, too, is equal to the slight strain put upon it, but the plot has a musty flavour about it. I hoped that some more worthy vehicle would have been found for this great artist, and that she would have something to sing which would have awakened less familiar echoes. Still, there it is, and I have no doubt about the box office value of *La Bohème*, nor about the popularity of the basis of the story which depicts a gambler who is so enthralled with opera that he is willing to stake his every ill-gotten cent upon it, and reform himself into the bargain.

The Big Moment

The tale is supposed to be a true one, but that is no excuse for it, and I don't believe a word of it; yet, of whatever poor wood the props may be made, they are not supposed to do much more than serve as excuses for Miss Moore to sing another encore and, since the progression is from a night club to the Metropolitan Opera House, the excuse is nicely drawn out.

Well, however, as Miss Moore sings, the voice of Michael Bartlett is equally good and their duet from *La Bohème* is the big moment in the film. The gambler is played by Leo Carrillo and it is greatly to his credit that he manages to imbue the part with any life at all.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981.

ELISABETH BERGNER in

"DER TRAUMENDE MUND" (A)

and RAIMU in

"CES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTE" (A)

BROADCASTING**Shakespeare Mutilated by the B.B.C.**

BY ALAN HOWLAND

THE Drama Director of the B.B.C. has recently been called to task by a responsible critic for his persistent mutilation of Shakespeare. The spearhead of the attack was that *Hamlet* is no longer *Hamlet* when only one fourth of it is produced and that two fifths of *Henry the Fifth* cannot accurately be described as Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth*. This is, to my mind, a serious charge seriously made, and one would have thought that the Drama Director would consider it his duty to analyse it and perhaps even endeavour to gain some advantage from it.

Such, however, is not the case with Mr. Val Gielgud. It aroused him to sarcasm, to evasion and to platitude, but, as is the case with all the bright B.B.C. boys, it did not encourage him to reconsider his own opinions or to look upon the strictures of intelligent listeners with anything but a lofty and contemptuous disdain.

Mr. Gielgud's main line of defence, expressed in that vein of condescending satire which one has learnt to expect from B.B.C. officials defending their young, is that (1) there have been many bad stage versions of Shakespeare which have not aroused the æsthetic exasperation of the mob, and (2) there isn't time, anyway, to do it properly.

What Listeners Know

The irrelevance and inaccuracy of these contemptuous remarks are so obvious as to need but little comment. What Mr. Gielgud refuses to grasp is that to lovers of Shakespeare, one fourth of *Hamlet* is not only not an acceptable substitute for *Hamlet* as written, but also a positive agony, and that to those who are unfamiliar with the works of Shakespeare, one fourth of *Hamlet* is the worst possible encouragement to the appreciation or even investigation of the whole of *Hamlet*.

If it is possible for the B.B.C. to produce a thriller by Mr. Sydney Horler at fortnightly intervals without losing the interest of the listening public and without doing violence to the collective consciences of Mr. Gielgud and his collaborators, why in the name of all that is reasonable, is it not possible to treat the longer plays of Shakespeare in a similar way? Does Mr. Gielgud really believe that Shakespeare cannot retain the attention of the public from one moment to another? Above all, I should dearly like to know whether Mr. Gielgud has ever heard any of his mutilations as a listener, and does he know how ghastly they are?

If Mr. Gielgud would take my advice, which of course he will not, he would remove the sneer from his pen and realise that sincere and responsible criticism should provoke, not sarcasm, but gratitude.

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RED PLOTS AT THE LEAGUE—Continued from page ii

Therefore, the original idea of a commission of five (Great Britain, France, Poland, Turkey, and Spain) was revived.

At a private meeting of the Council late in the afternoon it was decided to put this recommendation to the vote, but Baron Aloisi, the chief Italian delegate, reminded his colleagues that under no circumstances would Italy sit at the same table as the Ethiopian delegates, and that she would abstain from voting on the resolution.

At six o'clock, when the Council members began to take their places, Baron Aloisi was seated next to M. Laval, with whom he engaged in an animated conversation. The ebony-hued Abyssinian, Teclé Hawariat, and his French adviser, Professor Gaston Jèze, were at that moment seated in a back row of chairs among the secretariat.

As soon as the Council was called to order, however, by Señor Guinazu, its president, Baron Aloisi and his advisers rose in a body and left the hall. It was at the same moment that the Ethiopian delegates, having been asked to take their seats at the Council table, shifted from their back row of benches and advanced to the end of the horse-shoe table.

Committee's Dilemma

The proceedings were very brief. The Mexican delegate pleaded for every effort to be made to maintain peace "while there was any chance of doing so within the framework of the Covenant."

Señor Guinazu then read the proposals for the setting up of the committee of five members, and having announced that Italy was abstaining, put the recommendation of the Council. It was adopted without opposition.

The members of the committee are :

| | | | | | |
|---------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------------|
| Great Britain | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Eden |
| France | ... | ... | ... | ... | M. Laval |
| Poland | ... | ... | ... | ... | Col. Beck |
| Spain | ... | ... | ... | ... | Señor Madariaga |
| Turkey | ... | ... | ... | ... | Dr. Tewfik Aras |

Col. Beck and Dr. Aras are the Foreign Ministers of their respective countries, and Señor Madariaga is an ex-Ambassador to Paris.

No one expects any result from the deliberations of the Committee and there is a spirit of pessimism in League circles. The Committee held a private meeting to-night immediately after the Council session at which Baron Aloisi and the other Italians had resumed their places, the Ethiopians having retired into their former obscure seats.

Considerable doubt exists as to the exact Article of the Covenant on which the Committee is to tackle the question. Originally it came under Article XV, but apparently efforts are being made in some quarters to shift the dispute on to less dangerous ground.

Article XV lays it down that "the Council shall endeavour to effect a settlement of a dispute If the dispute is not thus settled the Council, either unanimously or by a majority vote, shall make and publish a report containing a statement of the facts and the recommendations deemed just and proper thereto."

—Daily Mail.

Mr. BALDWIN'S "SHEET ANCHOR"

BY LUCY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

What is the League of Nations? It is a League designed by the late American President Wilson which the American Nation very wisely refused to have anything to do with—**FOISTED BY HIM ON ENGLAND**—which Mr. Baldwin now actually describes to a Yorkshire audience as the "**SHEET ANCHOR**" OF THE GOVERNMENT!!

The Policy of the League of Nations is to denationalise nations and destroy their individuality. It is pernicious and destructive to the independence of the people—by usurping their sovereignty, and although it has no power and no right to do so—it orders countries to War over quarrels which do not concern them! The League of Nations is inherently Socialist, international and communistic.

YET THE LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY DOES NOT HESITATE TO ASK HIS FOLLOWERS TO SUPPORT THIS ORGANISATION WHICH STRIKES AT THE VERY HEART OF CONSERVATISM AND FREEDOM—AND CALLS IT THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF HIS GOVERNMENT—A statement I flatly contradict. THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF ENGLAND ALWAYS HAS BEEN A GREAT AND GLORIOUS NAVY.

Now as Mr. Baldwin is only in his present position through the votes of Conservatives who put him there and who voted for a Conservative Government—let us ask ourselves this question:—

WHAT IS CONSERVATISM?

As its name implies it represents that vast body of English opinion that seeks to CONSERVE certain recognised principles of Government—and all the great reforms in the last century have been on the initiative of Conservatives—as one can find out by reading history.

The first principle of CONSERVATISM—is the preservation of the MONARCHY—**which Sir Stafford Cripps wishes to destroy**—strengthening the ties of Empire by bringing the Dominions and Colonies into the closest relationship with the Mother Country and—**ABOVE ALL AND BEFORE ALL**—maintaining the Armed Forces of the Realm on the same high level that has always made our national will predominant and respected in the councils of Europe because our Navy was invincible. Conservative principles are simple but they aim fundamentally in preserving the safety of every Englishman and Englishwoman.

It is a bird of ill omen that soils the nest that it was reared in—but that is exactly what Stanley Baldwin has done. Nurtured in Conservatism he owes his great position as Leader of the Conservative Party to Conservatives. Where would he be to-day if Conservatives—foolishly against their better judgment—had not listened to his crocodile tears a few years ago and permitted him to carry on again after they knew in their hearts that he had failed them and that they could not trust him and they were right in doubting him and wishing to get rid of him for, in the vernacular of the day, "He has done them dirty."

So that—as this proves—Mr. Baldwin's position depends entirely upon Conservatism and yet he has thrown all Conservative principles to the winds and it is the duty of all who love their King and country to DENOUNCE THIS FRAUDULENT DICTATORSHIP CALLING ITSELF "NATIONAL" which has basely betrayed the Country by squandering the Nation's resources, weakening its faith, breaking its heart and destroying its very soul.

And remember that Mussolini—Mussolini alone—has saved us from the humiliating and disgraceful gesture by which Mr. Eden tried to bribe him—but he has not yet answered my question—What was the bribe he promised to Russia—**WAS IT INDIA?**